The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1928 NUMBER 684

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The Week

WHILE Lindbergh risks his valuable neck in the cause of good will, his results are largely offset by the continued casualties in the war between American Marines and Nicaraguans. Two more battles have taken place between our forces and those of General Sandino, whom we call a bandit and the Nicaraguan Liberals, a patriot. Six more Marines, and an unknown number of Nicaraguans, estimated by an eye-witness as one hundred, have been killed; the total casualties are now about ten killed and thirty-five or forty wounded, among the Americans, and at least 500 killed and several hundred wounded, among Sandino's followers. Behind the effervescent Latin enthusiasm for the youthful flying Colonel will be the memory of these Central Americans killed by Yankee bullets in the course of a quarrel in which, so nearly the whole Latin-American world believes, the United States has no legitimate interest.

THE great anti-war treaty between France and the United States has been watered down until it has lost most of its significance. The French were delighted, at first, with the idea of a pact outlawing war between the Americans and themselves for one hundred years. They understood this to mean that America would never be on the other side in any future European conflict, which would mean, in effect, that she would be on their side. But then came the news that, whatever the compact with France, identical agreements would be offered to all other European powers, including, for instance, Germany. This was not so good. If America had agreements which prevented her going to war with France's potential enemies, she would be utterly isolated. France doesn't want this; she still hopes that we may again take the attitude we did in 1917-18, when our weight, cast into the balance at the crucial moment, won the War. Accordingly, it was suddenly discovered that the French must make reservations in regard to possible commitments under the League, as America must under the Monroe Doctrine. The new form of the proposal now suggested would outlaw war only in regard to strictly Franco-American disputes. Even this mild commitment is being approached with the greatest reluctance on both sides, and the chances are more than even that it will never be signed.

THE enormous profits of 1926—real profits rather than imaginary ones, since the year was marked by falling prices and wide distribution of products rather than by inflation and growing inventories—is indicated by the figures just released showing spectacular growth of the largest individual incomes. Those reporting incomes of $1,000,000 and over numbered 228—more than ever before, and twenty-one more than in the previous year. Even more striking is the fact that the number of those receiving $5,000,000 or more doubled between 1925 and 1926, increasing from seven to fourteen. When these results are compared with the wages of the many thousands of unskilled laborers who do not average much over $1,000 annually, one may well wonder whether any period in the world's history witnessed a greater inequality

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of income between the very rich and the very poor. It is true that the poor are better off than ever before, but not proportionately so, to the total national income. What this means, of course, is not so much a parallel increase in luxurious living by the rich as an increase in their economic and social power through the administration of capital funds. Few men can, or would if they could, spend $5,000,000, or even $1,000,000 annually on consumption goods for themselves and their retainers. What they do is to "save" and reinvest huge sums, maintain charities, universities and foundations, and thus increase their control, for good or evil, over the general way of life.

MR. HEARST'S Mexican documents were the worst mistake of his lifetime; and the more he tries to explain himself, the worse he is bemired. Yet it is doubtful whether the exposé of gullibility and journalistic incompetence has done him any serious harm with his readers. It is to be supposed that the typical Hearst subscriber does not peruse other papers; and his own press has never published a fair and accurate account of the Washington investigation. Moreover, the picture of the world presented in the pages of his journals is so fantastic and incredible, at best, that any single item of news probably makes little difference one way or the other. Those who dine regularly on tabasco are less likely to notice that today's meat is tainted. The same explanation gives a clue to the amazing incompetence with which the Hearst organization handled the story. It is currently reported that he has one hundred men to whom he pays $30,000 a year or more; yet the number does not seem to have included a single newspaper man capable of the degree of skepticism, and the quantity of independent investigation, which are supposedly the indispensable equipment of every cub reporter. The truth is, of course, that the Hearst journalistic machine is geared to just one purpose: the skillful exploitation of sex scandal, a job which it does superlatively well. Those of Mr. Hearst's illustrious hundred who are not business managers or cartoonists know exactly what to do about Hall-Mills, Peaches Browning or Ruth and Judd. This being the age of specialization, it is perhaps not surprising that they should go to pieces when confronted by something which was either real news or monumental fakery.

ON January 9, William McAndrew's contract as superintendent of Chicago's schools expires. The farce of his "trial" has been abandoned, and Mayor Thompson has been marking time, waiting until he could legally get rid of Mr. McAndrew and fill the place with one of his own henchmen. The door now stands open. It may be expected that, in the future, Chicago teachers will be appointed under the spoils system, to please politicians, without reference to efficiency. Textbooks will be thrown out and those published by other firms put in their place, to the value of millions of dollars annually. School expenditures which in 1926 amounted to $66,317,992 will once more be completely in the oily hands of the bosses. The condition in the schools, described by a competent observer as having been "simply appalling" when McAndrew took hold, will revert to that condition, it is fair to suppose, under the rule of Big Bill. But the picture of Washington crossing the Delaware will hang in every schoolroom, from which it was (erroneously) supposed that Mr. McAndrew had had it removed.

LESS and less is being heard nowadays of the famous "new Tammany," the Tammany reformed, educated and devoted, which was supposed to be running New York nowadays solely in the interest of the citizens. On the heels of the vast scandal in the city food-inspection service—a scandal which the authorities seem to be trying to smother as quietly as possible—comes the Queens sewer affair. The new sewer in the borough of Queens, which should have cost about eight millions, cost sixteen. It was built by a man whom Borough President Maurice E. Connolly selected, alleging that he had previously constructed a hundred million dollars' worth of sewers, though this statement later turned out to be exaggerated by approximately $99,700,000. Oddly enough, this expert insisted on using one variety of patent pipe, and oddly enough, again, the sole vendor of this patent pipe was one of President Connolly's bosom friends. Thousands of owners of small homes in Queens, out of whose pockets the extra eight millions was forced, have struggled, in consequence, under a crushing burden of debt. New York's Tammany Mayor, Jimmy Walker, showed little interest in tracing down the source and destination of the graft, despite—or perhaps, because of—the fact that Connolly belongs to an opposing faction in the Wigwam. Governor Smith has intervened, however, and asked Justice Townsend Scudder of the New York Supreme Court to hear the evidence, which will be presented, and it is safe to say, ably presented, by Emory Buckner, former United States Attorney.

THE Woodrow Wilson Foundation's recent prize contest deserves criticism on three counts. The title, "What Woodrow Wilson Means to Me," was incompatible with any serious study of the man; it hinted strongly that what the committee hoped for was eulogy. The first prizes—$25,000 each, for the best essay by a man and by a woman—were clearly too large. Such a sum of money was a temptation to intellectual dishonesty; it was likely to persuade some people to the simulation of an enthusiasm they did not feel. Finally, why the unusual age limits, twenty-one to thirty-five? A contest for students is explicable, or one for adults; but a contest for adults which ends at half of three score years and ten suggests an unpleasant utilitarian

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motive: it sounds as though the Foundation hoped to enroll among the devotees of Mr. Wilson people with a long expectation of useful service to "the cause." The conditions of the award have been berated in the press; we hope that the Foundation's trustees will take their lesson to heart.

OUR favorite among the international conferences of 1928, up to the hour of going to press, is that which will meet in London, July 20 to 31, for the purpose of considering *everything*. Its title is "A World-Conference to Demonstrate the Existence of a True Spiritual Science and Its Practical Applications," and the announced objects, as given in the official folder, are:

> 1. To examine the present state of the World in its political, economical, industrial and cultural aspects, with the object of removing the prevalent idea that a re-shuffling of outworn traditional methods will suffice to meet the present world-conditions.
>
> 2. To consider the changes which have taken place in the Constitution of Man during the Indian, Persian, Egypto-Chaldean, Graeco-Roman and present Epochs of Civilization, and the value of the recognition of such changes for the solution of Modern Problems.
>
> 3. To consider the relationship of Eastern and Western streams of spiritual Culture, with the object of establishing a mutual understanding between the peoples of East and West.
>
> 4. To examine ancient and modern methods of Spiritual Investigation, with the object of distinguishing the true from the false in the light of the present needs of Humanity.
>
> 5. To consider and determine, as far as possible and in the light of the knowledge available, the essential Reality underlying Spirit, Soul and Body, as it is expressed in the divergent characteristics of the Eastern, European and Western Nations.

And so on, through paragraph 12. We would merely suggest that, since eleven days seems a needlessly long time to devote to this agenda, any time left over should be devoted to the inquiry, Why Cigarette Lighters Do Not Work . . . or is that already cared for, under Section One?

What Are the New Cruisers For?

THE most slippery and perplexing question of national policy which confronts a peace-loving American citizen is whether he will tolerate or oppose the new cruiser-building program of the administration. The majority of the pacifists are, of course, inclined to oppose it, and they can muster in support of such a course an imposing array of arguments. They can allege, as we think, truly, that the Navy Department proposes to build its twenty-five 10,000-ton cruisers chiefly for the purpose of being able to dispute the control of the high seas with Great Britain in the event of a war in which both countries are directly or indirectly interested. An American navy which disposed of thirty or more 10,000-ton cruisers of the proposed model could protect American commerce with South America, Asia or some parts of Europe in only one way. It would have to make the high seas as dangerous as possible for British cruisers and British commerce. The function, consequently, of the proposed American cruisers, no matter what Mr. Coolidge says, will be aggressive. They can protect American commerce only by contesting the control of the ocean with British cruisers; and if they were victorious they would do what they could to annihilate British commerce. The American government is aiming at British commerce a threat similar to that which it does not like the British Admiralty to aim at American commerce.

The opponent of the American naval building policy can also allege with a great deal of force that whereas, in the case of the United States, overseas commerce is not a question of national safety, it is a question of national safety for Great Britain. The seas are the frontier of the British people. Without a large and steady supply of food and raw materials, they can be starved out by an enemy in a few months. Unless they can keep their maritime communications open, their position as an independent nation is hopelessly compromised. It is no wonder that they attach a great deal of importance to the possession of a fleet which is capable of protecting these communications. If the United States takes advantage of its superior resources to build a fleet of cruisers which would be useless except as a weapon with which to fight the British cruisers and to attack British maritime commerce, the British people, no matter how well they restrain themselves, will be gravely alarmed, and will mix their alarm with suspicion and resentment. The two governments will have resumed the competition of 1920-1921, but with much livelier popular feeling behind it. Why should not the American government acknowledge the comparatively superior importance which the British must attach to the security of the overseas trade, and permit the British navy to dispose of a clear and decisive superiority in the matter of commerce-protecting and destroying vessels?

The chief reason for the reluctance of the American government to acknowledge British superiority in this respect is its doubt about the purposes for which this superiority will be used. To protect British commerce? Yes! But why should the power to protect British commerce necessarily involve the power to destroy the commerce of any people with whom Great Britain may be at war? In the past, the excuse has been that, in fighting a preponderant European military power which had built also a formidable fleet, the British navy was protecting modern civilization against the threat of pervasive military imperialism. At present, however, there is

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no military dragon for the British naval St. George to fight. The only two naval powers which can compete with the British fleet are not European, and they are not threatening the peace of the world. Why should they or any possible European enemy of Great Britain, either as belligerents or as neutrals, be required to accept the annihilation of their overseas commerce as the penalty of quarrelling with the British Empire? And why should the right to annihilate the commerce of an enemy attach to the power which merely happens to possess the dominant navy? This sitting in judgment on trade between neutrals or between a neutral and a belligerent is a function which should be exercised under an international jurisdiction and should be subject to international rules. Yet Great Britain has not, since the end of the War and the subsequent impairment of German independence, moved a fraction of one inch in the direction of limiting the power of a dominant navy over neutral or other commerce. On several occasions its government has explicitly protested against the recognition of any such limitation, and on one occasion recently a representative of the Admiralty proposed a frank repudiation of certain rules which in 1914 were supposed to be legally binding on the British navy. According to the official British attitude, the power of life and death over maritime trade inheres by right in the dominant navy, which is under no obligation to respect the adverse interests of a less fortunate people.

The rest of the world, and particularly the United States, can hardly consent to the indefinite exercise by the British navy of this international function. An American can and should admit the honorable part which the British navy has in the past played in the defeat of aggressive militarism. If he were obliged to choose between a dominant navalism and a dominant militarism, he would have every reason to prefer the former. He should welcome the adoption by his own country of a policy which would help the British to obtain in some way at least as much security as they have in the past obtained by virtue of their superior and unshackled navy. But it is now no longer a question as to the comparative fearfulness of naval or military power; and it *is* increasingly a question of the security of other maritime peoples as well as the British. These other peoples have a right to be consulted about the kind of government to which their lives and properties are subject when they embark upon ocean voyages. The American people are particularly interested in the interference by sea-power with overseas trade during war. In 1812 they fought Great Britain in order to protest against what they considered to be an abuse of British sea-power. In 1917 they fought Germany as a protest against an abuse of German sea-power, which was defended as a retaliation for the illegal starvation of the German civilian population by the British navy. They are not as immediately dependent upon overseas trade for food and essential raw materials as the British are, but in the not distant future they may well be. The value of the yearly American commerce which would be exposed to capture by the British navy during war is a billion dollars greater than the value of the similarly vulnerable British trade. In any event, America is the product of maritime migration, of the free movement of property and persons across the ocean highways. For the American nation, the sun both rises and sets in the ocean. It owns and operates the canal which unites the Atlantic with the Pacific. Great Britain is a European island with outlying dominions on all seas; but the United States is itself an inter-oceanic political body, which, during the next fifty years, will multiply its contacts with Asia, Europe, Africa and South America. If a large part of this property and trade is liable to seizure in time of war, will not the American government soon be entitled to justify the building of a preponderant navy, by the same reason which the British government now flourishes in support of its own naval preponderance?

If the preceding statement of the issue is even approximately true, the American pacifists would, we believe, make a mistake in fighting the cruiser-construction policy of the Navy Department as vigorously as a year ago they fought the Mexican policy of the administration. They would do better to tolerate the proposed building of the cruiser fleet and to concentrate their own efforts upon the attempt to obtain an inoffensive definition of the rules which are hereafter to govern the capture of private property at sea during war. If a definition of this kind could be reached, as the result either of an international conference or even as a separate negotiation among the three leading naval powers, it would deprive both the Admiralty and the Navy Department of their excuse for building these expensive and aggressive fleets of 10,000-ton cruisers. Pacific and reasonable people in Great Britain, such as Lord Cecil, the Manchester Guardian and others, have, it should be added, decided to work along this line. The Liberal and Radical Candidates' Association recently passed a resolution, of which the following passage is of peculiar importance:

> Further believing that matters of maritime law form the most serious obstacle to an agreement between the United States of America and Great Britain (and bearing in mind how potent a factor for peace such an agreement would be), the Association urges upon the British government the prime necessity of commencing immediately, through diplomatic channels, the full and frank examination with the United States of such matters in the hope that the failure of the Geneva Conference is not followed by another failure when the results of the Washington Conference of 1921 are reëxamined in 1931.

The New Republic is not any more hopeful about the immediate success of the proposed nego-

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tiations between the two governments than it would be of the immediate success of a reassembled Geneva Conference. It will probably need a new government in England and a new administration in the United States to undertake these negotiations in the spirit which might eventually precipitate a permanently satisfactory agreement. But a new British government and a new American administration are both among the probabilities for 1929, and, in any event, it is extremely important to persuade peace-loving American public opinion that the way to get rid of the competition in cruiser construction is to tackle the disagreement of policy which provides a motive for the competition. It is clear what this disagreement in policy is. It is clear, also, that as long as the naval authorities of both countries plan to protect the commerce of their nationals by weapons which cannot operate without destroying the commerce of their possible enemies, they are not continuing the inoffensive policy towards one another which gave substance to the Washington agreement. As long as this agreement lasts, the British, Japanese and American peoples are protected against invasion and against the blockade of their own ports. What they need in addition is the utmost security for their maritime trade during war. Great Britain may at present need this kind of security more than Japan or the United States does, but that is no reason why she should claim and be granted a monopoly of it.

A Prosperous New Year?

WHEN public officials and business optimists predict increased prosperity for 1928, it is a little difficult to know what they mean. Have we been enjoying prosperity in the past three months? According to the rough statistical measures which used to be relied upon to indicate the stage of the business cycle, we have certainly been experiencing, not prosperity, but recession. Steel production, which used to be known as the "barometer of trade," has declined 16 percent, and was lower this autumn than during the same season of any year since 1921. The coal industry, in spite of the curtailment of production caused by the strike, has glutted its market. Automobile production, after years of almost steady expansion, fell off remarkably. Railway traffic has dropped by 13 percent, and has been, like steel, below any fall of the past six years. While (alone among the prominent industrial nations) we have no accurate measure of unemployment, it is generally believed that an extraordinary number are out of work. Certainly this is true in the coal, steel and automobile regions. The number of commercial failures has been increasing. And, finally, prices of manufactures have been falling.

If we were to rely upon rough analogies with the past, there would thus be little ground for expecting anything else than a general depression—perhaps mild, perhaps severe—but nevertheless a period of recognized "hard times" which must run its course before recovery could take place. A prediction of "continued prosperity" would therefore be an absurdity. Such a depression may indeed arrive; the unemployment which already exists may react on the market and cause more, starting the vicious circle which has been too familiar in former years.

But the analogy with recent periods of depression is by no means complete. There are certain respects in which 1927 has been truly prosperous, in spite of its deficiencies, certain aspects of former recessions which are now lacking. The falling prices of industrial products, for instance, have not resulted from a previous period of inflation; they are rather the outgrowth, for the most part, of changes in method and productivity. Unit costs led prices downward. The result is that aggregate profits have suffered much less than one would have expected from looking at the prices alone; they will probably turn out to have been only slightly smaller in 1927 than in the record year of 1926. By the same token, the failures have been chiefly of the smaller and less efficient concerns; the total liabilities have not been unduly large. Because of the falling industrial prices, the real incomes of farmers, salaried workers, and employed wage-earners have somewhat increased—and we should not overlook that part of their incomes which flows from the large purchases of central and local governments. Rents have tended downward. And the large volumes of production which preceded the recent recession have not been, as in former days of prosperity, in response to forward or speculative orders; they have rather filled immediate requirements. Hence there are no large stocks on hand to depress markets and postpone revival. Finally, credit has not been strained; there is no fear of forced liquidations, but, on the contrary, plenty of easy money for those producers who need or want it. It is thus difficult to be alarmist about the immediate future. The recessions in important industries which have already occurred may not be the forerunner of anything worse or more widespread.

But if not all the characteristic signs of a depression are at hand, it is likewise impossible to identify any of those extraordinary stimuli which usually bring rapid recovery and expansion. Since credit has not been tight, business cannot be revived by loosening it. Since the price fall has not been catastrophic, speculators are not likely to buy for the rise. Since large stocks of commodities have not been built up, production will not be spurred by their exhaustion. In other words, if we conceive the business cycle to be a "self-generating" round, each phase of which contains the seed of its successor, the absence of a true depression means the absence of a true recovery.

Pressed for the positive grounds of their opti-

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mism, those who predict great industrial expansion in 1928 point mainly to two factors—the larger total farm incomes caused by this year's good crops and relatively high farm prices, and the arrival of the new Ford car, which, it is assumed, will regenerate the automobile industry. Concerning the first, it need only be said that, while the estimated value of the 1927 crops is considerably larger than that of the 1926 crops, it is about half a billion under 1925 and almost a billion under 1924—the year of the crops which blasted any hopes of a telling vote for LaFollette and helped to inaugurate "Coolidge prosperity." Concerning the second, we may point out that the hope must be rather slender which pictures Ford regaining his former sales without reducing materially the 1927 totals of competitors. Where is the popular purchasing power to be found, either in this country or abroad, to absorb greatly increased quantities of the cheaper makes of automobiles?

Because of the still unreliable stock of economic knowledge, and on the ground of the many unexpected developments of the past, no one ought to be taken greatly by surprise if in 1928 anything from abundant prosperity to black depression should ensue. But it would surprise us least if the year should show large but not unprecedented production, further improvement in industrial technique, with its normal accompaniment of slowly falling prices and unemployment of the displaced workers, a slight and continued improvement in the situation of farmers and those salaried and wage-workers who are fortunate enough to retain employment, and no marked or general fluctuation of conditions, such as we have come to associate with the phrase "business cycle."

While Latin America Waits

IT IS generally assumed that the United States is confronted by a serious dilemma in the coming Pan-American conference at Havana. The Latin republics, we are told, are prepared to ask for a show-down as to our future intentions in the Caribbean and Central America. It is notorious that they have long wanted to mutualize international relationships in this hemisphere, abolish the Monroe Doctrine as a unilateral document, and set up some sort of American equivalent to the Geneva League. Preliminary reports tell us that now, at last, they intend to beard the Colossus of the North.

There is undoubtedly truth in the report which shows Latin America as growing increasingly restive in her position *vis-à-vis* the United States. To suppose, however, that she is firmly unanimous in opposition, or has reached the breaking-point, is a somewhat too naïve and simplified view. It may be useful to recount some of the elements which should be set in the opposite scale of the balance, when an attempt is made to predict events at Havana.

A powerful factor in this list is the economic one. The United States' trade with South America is today worth a billion dollars a year; with Mexico, a third of a billion; with the Caribbean, $170,000,000; with Central America, $125,000,000. This vast total (all in all, it is $1,850,000,000, about 18 percent of our total foreign trade) is not conducted exclusively for the benefit of the Yankees. Fortunes are being made by a considerable number of Latins as well, and employment is being given to hundreds of thousands more. It may be taken for granted that nearly all the participants in this economic activity in the states south of the Rio Grande would prefer to have the business without the political interference; but if they must have both or neither (and in the past this has seemed to be the case), they presumably prefer both. The class to which this argument appeals most strongly is one which is not publicly vocal; but it is always influential, in any country.

Again, we are told that the real loyalty of Latin America is to the present League, and that it looks with disfavor upon close ties binding it to the United States, which is not a League member. But this statement tells only part of the story. Not all the Latin republics are members of the League, and of those which are, some have withdrawn for long periods of time from all active participation in it. Latin America came under the ægis of Geneva at a time when it was supposed that the United States was about to become a member, and the southern republics considered it would be fatal for them to stay out with the United States in. In point of fact, they are more isolated from any serious concern with European and Asiatic politics than is the United States.

Another contention often made is that there is a unified culture in South and Central America, wholly alien to Anglo-Saxon civilization. But this statement is subject to some reservations. Brazil, with 30,000,000 population, speaks and reads not Spanish but Portuguese. There are in various countries important minorities which cling to their native cultures. Brazil has half a million Italians and 50,000 Germans; the Argentine Republic has a large Italian population and has lately been in dispute with Mussolini over the maintenance of Italian-language schools and newspapers. While Spain claims to be the mother-country for the new world, Paris is today the spiritual capital of South and Central America, with Rome fighting hard but unsuccessfully for the place.

It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the Latin-American countries, however much they may agree in their opposition to the United States, have their own quarrels. To mention only the chief recent examples, Brazil and the Argentine a few years ago went through a naval war scare, for which the American naval mission to the former country was held to be partly to blame. Chile and Peru continue at loggerheads over the fifty-year-old Tacna-

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Arica question. All of the countries in the south temperate zone are expanding rapidly in population and resources, and they are in general developing some of the aggressiveness which accompanies such growth.

All these factors must be taken into account when considering what is likely to happen at Havana. If there is any solid evidence that Latin America is now prepared to risk all on one throw of the dice, we are not aware of it. Such a thing is made less likely by the new relations between the United States and Mexico, since the latter country wields great influence with the rest of Latin America. The New Republic has long advocated a new relationship between the United States and Latin America. It has expressed the strongest dissatisfaction with many details of past policy in regard to Haiti, Mexico and Nicaragua, and other countries, and would welcome a new policy which would mutualize relationships which now are imposed on other nations by the United States on an ultimate basis of force. At the same time, honesty compels us to recognize that the theory of a Latin America ready for open and final revolt against our domination seems to be a fictitious one. The United States ought to alter its course in Latin-American affairs, primarily because alteration is right, and secondarily because in the long run we shall profit more by fair dealing than in any other way. But it is a choice and not a threat by which we are confronted.

Al Smith's Valedictory as Governor

TO THE best of my ability," writes Governor Smith towards the end of his voluminous message to the legislature of New York, "I have laid before you the history of the major activities of the state government during the last ten years." Inasmuch as Mr. Smith himself was, or is, the chief executive of New York in all but two of these years, his message is chiefly an account and a justification of his career as governor. It is a singularly creditable and honorable record. In fact, we know of no governor in any state of the Union who during several almost consecutive terms of office has served the people of his state so loyally and so beneficially. He has accomplished a radical and very much needed reorganization of the administrative part of the government of New York, and he has done it almost single-handed. It is a unique demonstration of what abundant returns able and aggressive leadership, backed up by a knowledge of the realities of government, and by a veritable gift for winning popular confidence, can still wring from the sterile fields of American politics.

It must be remembered that Governor Smith was not, at the beginning of his term as governor, a popular favorite or an aggressive administrative reformer. When he was in 1917 a candidate for President of the Board of Aldermen in his own bailiwick of New York City, he ran behind the rest of his ticket. When two years later he was first elected governor, he squeezed in by only a narrow margin. He had already exhibited, by his career in the legislature and by his work in the constitutional convention of 1915, unusual integrity and ability, but it was not until he became governor that he demonstrated to the public the rare and sterling qualities of his political metal. For in spite of his derivation from a political organization in which high administrative standards were abhorrent, he immediately started to reorganize the state government in the interest of economy and efficiency, and in spite of his record as an obedient and willing factional Democrat, he had, by the end of his term, won the confidence of more Republicans than any Tammany Democrat had ever done before. Himself a partisan of partisans, he had succeeded better than any non-partisan in building up an essentially non-partisan following. The election of 1920 first revealed in a startling way his unique political gifts and possibilities. Although he was defeated for reelection, he ran almost 1,100,000 votes ahead of the Democratic candidate for President. Thus there is nothing accidental about his success. He has not been assisted by good fortune or an unusually strong strategic position. He earned by his early achievements as governor the opportunity to win his still more brilliant later successes.

During his occupation of the governor's chair, he has written into the constitution of New York the principle of executive responsibility and leadership for the government of the state. The governor is for the present the official "boss" of New York. Anybody who occupies that office is the real chief of a consolidated and centralized administration which is undertaking a constantly increasing number of business and supervisory activities; and if he is capable of taking advantage of his opportunities, he is bound to lead, to dominate and to overawe the legislature. The large majority of all future subjects for legislation will be the direct result of the administrative responsibility which the state government is already exercising. In relation to legislation of this kind, and of course in the framing of the budget, the governor, being the administrative chief of the state, is obliged to take the initiative. Partly in order to strengthen this initiative, Governor Smith proposes in his last message that every other session of the legislature should be devoted exclusively to the financial business of the state. It would be forbidden to pass any general legislation unless the executive himself decided to submit proposals for dealing with particular subjects to the legislature. He also suggests, for the first time, we believe, to grant to the people of New York the power to initiate legislation. But no matter what becomes of these proposals, the net result of his reorganization of

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the state government has been to circumscribe the power of the legislature and enormously to increase the power of the executive. He describes what he has done as the putting "the government of the state on a sound business basis."

It is too soon to discuss the enduring value of Governor Smith's reorganization of the New York government. For many years the critics of American political institutions have called attention to the inefficiency of our state governments and to the danger that, as a result of such inefficiency, the tendency toward federal aggrandizement would be reënforced. Many of these critics have suggested the promotion of the governor into the official "boss" of the state, just as forty years ago the municipal reformers proposed to aggrandize the mayor at the expense of the municipal assembly. Governor Smith has, as a matter of fact, merely put into effect a plan of state reorganization which the Republican Constitutional Convention of 1915 had prepared. He has done for the government of the most populous state in the Union a job analogous to that which the Federalists once did for the national government. He has provided New York State with the administrative organs which it needs for the transaction of its increasing business. But it is a question whether the result may not be to create in Albany an administrative machine of prodigious power which in certain conditions will be able to evade the control both of the legislature and of the people. Governor Smith's forbears in the Democratic party who were suspicious of the concentration of power and believed in frequent elections and the close association between the voter and the government would have regarded his handiwork with horror. The state governments which they constructed on these principles did, however, in the course of time increasingly subordinate the business of administration to the politics of patronage, and as the responsibilities of administration multiplied, its inefficiency became intolerable. It was necessary to consolidate and functionalize the administrative offices of the state and to make them responsible to the governor, but Governor Smith may have carried too far this process of subordinating politics to business. The present government of New York is unbalanced. It is entirely possible, particularly during a period of public disorder, that some future Republican governor, backed by an obsequious legislature and a scared or cowed public opinion, will set up in New York State a legal dictatorship.

However that may be, there can be no doubt about Governor Smith's purpose in submitting to the people of New York an exhaustive review of his work of governor and of the existing condition of the business of the state. It is, in his opinion, the best platform on which he can run as a presidential candidate. His valedictory as governor of New York State is at the same time his plea to the people of the United States to consider his qualifications for the office of President. "This," his message says in effect, "is the kind of work which I can do in an important position. I shall not serve as governor of New York State for another term. On January 1, 1929, I shall either retire to private life or I shall have been elected President of the United States. I am for the moment a candidate for that office. As a candidate I am being criticized for being silent about my opinions with respect to many disputed questions of national policy. I am silent on purpose. The kind of man whom you need as President is not a loud speaker but somebody who has proved himself to be a good actor. You can infer the kind of man I am from the work which I have done as governor of New York State. My record is my platform. Do I need any other, or any different, or any better?"

It is a specious plea. It would be more than specious if the President of the United States were exclusively a business executive who was engaged in devising administrative machinery to carry out policies the desirability of which could be taken for granted. But it is part of the business of the President of the United States himself to create the atmosphere of opinion in which his policies can be realized, and if he fails to try out and measure up the public attitude on his own prospective plans he will not know how far he can go and how much preparation his fellow countrymen still need in order to accept his leadership. Governor Smith should be too realistic a political leader not to understand the necessity in a national political campaign of starting and giving reality to a conflict of interest and ideas. It is possible that his message to the legislature is an introduction to a program rather than a substitute for one. But we hope, as his candid friend, that in that case, he will begin soon. The only way to conduct a campaign for President is to act as if the incumbent in that office were the moral and political leader of a society as well as the chief executive of a business. If he does not conduct it in this way, Al Smith may go down in history as a man who, after being a ball of flame in state politics, contrived in national politics to play the ignoble part of an unexploded dud.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1928, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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Justice Holmes and the Liberal Mind

> When men have realized that time has upset many fighting beliefs, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—that the best test of truth is the power of truth to get itself accepted in the market, and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes can be carried out. That, at any rate, is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment.[1]

WERE I to select a single brief passage in which is summed up the intellectual temper of the most distinguished of the legal thinkers of our country, I think I should choose this one. It contains, in spite of its brevity, three outstanding ideas: belief in the conclusions of intelligence as the finally directive force in life; in freedom of thought and expression as a condition needed in order to realize this power of direction by thought, and in the experimental character of life and thought. These three ideas state the essence of one type, and, to my mind, the only enduring type, of liberal faith. This article proposes, then, to consider the identity of the liberal and the experimental mind as exemplified in the work of Justice Holmes.

If it were asserted that Justice Holmes has no social philosophy, the remark would lend itself to misconstruction, and, in one sense, would not be true. But in another sense, and that in which the idea of a social philosophy is perhaps most often taken, it would be, I think, profoundly true. He has no social panacea to dole out, no fixed social program, no code of fixed ends to be realized. His social and legal philosophy derives from a philosophy of life and of thought as a part of life, and can be understood only in this larger connection. As a social philosophy, "liberalism" runs the gamut of which a vague temper of mind—often called forward-looking—is one extreme, and a definite creed as to the purposes and methods of social action is the other. The first is too vague to afford any steady guide in conduct; the second is so specific and fixed as to result in dogma, and thus to end in an illiberal mind. Liberalism as a method of intelligence, prior to being a method of action, as a method of experimentation based on insight into both social desires and actual conditions, escapes the dilemma. It signifies the adoption of the scientific habit of mind in application to social affairs.

The fact that Justice Holmes has made the application, and done so knowingly and deliberately, as a judge, and in restriction to legal issues, does not affect the value of his work as a pattern of the liberal mind in operation. In his own words: "A man may live greatly in the law as well as elsewhere; there as well as elsewhere his thought may find its unity in an infinite perspective; there as well as elsewhere he may wreak himself upon life, may drink the bitter cup of heroism, may wear his heart out after the unattainable. All that life offers any man from which to start his thinking or his striving is a fact. And if this universe is one universe, if it is so far thinkable that you can pass in reason from one part of it to another, it does not matter very much what that fact is. . . . Your business as thinkers is to make plainer the way from something to the whole of things; to show the rational connection between your fact and the frame of the universe." Justice Holmes has shown fondness for the lines of George Herbert:

> Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine.

But he takes it as having "an intellectual as well as a moral meaning. If the world is a subject for rational thought it is all of one piece; the same laws are found everywhere, and everything is connected with everything else; and if this is so, there is nothing mean, and nothing in which may not be seen the universal law." The field which Justice Holmes has tilled is a limited one, but since he has "lived greatly in it," his legal and social philosophy is great, not limited. It is an expression of the processes and issues of law seen in an infinite perspective; that of a universe in which all action is so experimental that it must needs be directed by a thought which is free, growing, ever learning, never giving up the battle for truth, or coming to rest in alleged certainties, or reposing on a formula in a slumber that means death.

"The Constitution is an experiment, as all life is an experiment." According to the framework of our social life, the community, the "people," is, through legislative action, the seat of social experiment stations. If Justice Holmes has favored giving legislative acts a broader and freer leeway than has, in repeated instances, commended itself to fellow judges, it has not been because he has always thought the specific measures enacted to be wise; it is not hard to see that in many cases he would not have voted in favor of them if he had

[1] Quoted from a citation of Justice Holmes' dissenting opinion in the Abrams free speech case in Felix Frankfurter's article on "Mr. Justice Holmes and the Constitution," the December, 1927, number of the Harvard Law Review. I am glad to take this opportunity to express my indebtedness to this article. Such quotations in the present article as are not taken from it are drawn from the volume of the "Collected Legal Papers" of Justice Holmes.

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been one of the legislators. Nor is his attitude due to a belief that the voice of the people is the voice of God, or to any idealization of popular judgment. It is because he believes that, within the limits set by the structure of social life (and *every* form of social life has a limiting structure), the organized community has a right to try experiments. And in his ken, this legal and political right is itself based upon the fact that experimentation is, in the long run, the only sure way to discover what is wisdom and in whom it resides. Intellectual conceit causes one to believe that his wisdom is the touchstone of that of social action. The intellectual humility of the scientific spirit recognizes that the test can only be found in consequences in the production of which large numbers engage. Time has upset so many instances of fighting private wisdom that, even when one's own wisdom is so mature and assured that for one's own self it is the very foundation of one's own conduct, one defers to the beliefs of others to the extent of permitting them a free competition in the open market of social life. Judicial decisions amply prove that it demands courage as well as a generosity beyond the scope of lesser souls to hold that "my agreement or disagreement has nothing to do with the rights of a majority to embody their opinions in law," and to declare that "constitutional law like other contrivances has to take some chances."

The faith that, within certain large limits, our social system is one of experimentation, subject to the ordeal of experienced consequences, is seen in Justice Holmes' impatience with the attempt to settle matters of social policy by dialectic reasoning from fixed concepts, by pressing "words to a drily logical extreme." "There is nothing I more deprecate than the use of the Fourteenth Amendment beyond the absolute compulsion of its words to prevent the making of social experiments that an important part of the community desires." "It is important for this court to avoid extracting from the very general language of the Fourteenth Amendment a system of delusive exactness." It is impossible to state in any short space the full practical implications of Justice Holmes' repeated warnings against "delusive exactness," where exactness consists only in fixing a concept by assigning a single definite meaning, which is then developed by formal logic, and where the delusion consists in supposing that the flux of life can be confined within logical forms. "The language of judicial decision is mainly the language of logic. And the logical method and form flatter that longing for certainty and repose which is in every human mind. But certainty generally is illusion, and repose is not the destiny of man. Behind the logical form lies a judgment as to the relative worth and importance of competing legislative grounds. . . . You can give *any* conclusion a logical form." "To rest upon a formula is a slumber, that prolonged, means death."

Yet nothing could be further from truth than to infer that Justice Holmes is indifferent to the claims of exact, explicit and consistent reasoning. In reality, it is not logic to which he takes exception, but the false logic involved in applying the classic system of fictitious fixed concepts, and demonstratively exact subsumptions under them, to the decision of social issues which arise out of a living conflict of desires. What he wants is a logic of probabilities. Such a logic involves distinctions of degree, consideration of the limitation placed upon an idea which represents the value of one type of desire by the presence of ideas which express neighboring, but competing interests. These requirements can be met only by employing the method borrowed, as far as possible from science, of comparison by means of measuring and weighing. He objects to domination of law by classic logic in the interest of a logic in which precision is material or quantitative, not just formal. To rely on deduction from a formal concept of, say, liberty as applied to contract relations is but a way of hindering judges from making conscious, explicit, their reasons of social policy for favoring the execution of one kind of desire rather than another. Thus the formal logic becomes a cover, a disguise. The judgment, the choice, which lies behind the logical form is left "inarticulate and unconscious . . . and yet it is very root and nerve of the whole proceeding." "I think the judges themselves have failed adequately to recognize their duty of weighing considerations of social advantage. The duty is inevitable, and the result of the often proclaimed aversion to deal with such considerations is simply to leave the very ground and foundation of judgments inarticulate and unconscious." Formal logic has become a mask for concealing unavowed economic beliefs concerning the causes and impact of social advantage which judges happen to hold. It is hard to imagine anything more *illogical* than leaving the real premises for a conclusion inarticulate, unstated, unless it be the practice of assigning reasons which are not those which actually govern the conclusion.

Upon the positive side, Justice Holmes has left us in no doubt as to the logical method he desires to have followed. "The growth of education is an increase in the knowledge of measure. . . . It is a substitution of quantitative for qualitative judgments. . . . In the law we only occasionally can reach an absolutely final and quantitative determination, because the worth of the competing social ends which respectively solicit a judgment for the plaintiff or the defendant cannot be reduced to number and accurately fixed. . . . But it is of the essence of improvement that we should be as accurate as we can." In deprecating the undue share which study of history of the law has come to play, he says that he looks "forward to a time when the part played by history in the explanation of a dogma shall be very small, and instead of ingenious research we shall spend our energy on the study of

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ends to be attained and the reasons for desiring them." More important than either a formal logical systematization of rules of law or a historical study of them is "the establishment of its postulates, from within, upon *accurately measured* social desires instead of tradition." And so he says in another address: "For the rational study of the law the black-letter man may be the man of the present, but the man of the future is the man of statistics and the master of economics." Summing it all up: "I have had in mind an ultimate dependence of law [upon science] because it is ultimately for science to determine, as far as it can, the relative worth of our different social ends. . . . Very likely it may be with all the help that statistics and every modern appliance can bring us there will never be a commonwealth in which science is everywhere supreme. But it is an ideal, and without ideals what is life worth?"

There is a definitely realistic strain in the thinking of Justice Holmes, as there must be in any working liberalism, any liberalism which is other than a vague and windy hope. It is expressed in his warning against the delusive certainty of formal logic, against taking words and formulas for facts, and in his caution to weigh costs in the ways of goods foregone and disadvantages incurred in projecting any scheme of "social reform." It is found in his belief that intelligent morals consist in making clear to ourselves what we want and what we must pay to get it; in his conception of truth as that which we cannot help believing, or the system of our intellectual limitations. It is seen in his idea of a rule of law as a prediction where social force will eventually impinge in the case of any adopted course of conduct. At times, his realism seems almost to amount to a belief that whatever wins out in fair combat, in the struggle for existence, is therefore the fit, the good and the true.

But all such remarks have to be understood in the light of his abiding faith that, when all is said and done, intelligence and ideas are the supreme force in the settlement of social issues. Speaking in commemoration of the work of Justice Marshall, he remarked: "We live by symbols. . . . This day marks the fact that all thought is social, is on its way to action; that, to borrow the expression of a French writer, every idea tends to become first a catechism and then a code; and that according to its worth an unhelped meditation may one day mount a throne, and . . . may shoot across the world the electric despotism of an unresisted power." Again and again he says that the world is today governed more by Descartes or Kant than by Napoleon. "Even for practical purposes theory generally turns out the most important thing in the end." Just because facts are mighty, *knowledge* of facts, of what they point to and may be made to realize, is mightier still.

We live in a time of what is called disillusionment as to the power of ideas and ideals. The seeming eclipse of liberalism is part of this distrust. To believe in mind as power even in the midst of a world which has been made what it is by thought devoted to physical matters, is said to evince an incredible naïveté. To those whose faith is failing, the work of Justice Holmes is a tonic. His ideas have usually been at least a generation ahead of the day in which they were uttered; many of his most impressive statements have been set forth in dissenting opinions. But patience as well as courage —if there be any difference between them—is a necessary mark of the liberal mind. I do not doubt that the day will come when the principles set forth by Justice Holmes, even in minority dissent, will be accepted commonplaces, and when the result of his own teachings will afford an illustration of the justice of his faith in the power of ideas. When that day comes, the spirit of Justice Holmes will be the first to remind us that life is still going on, is still an experiment, and that then, as now, to repose on any formula is to invite death.

JOHN DEWEY.

Letter of a Mother

Under the green lamplight her letter there
Lies among cluttered papers, rusted pens,
Books and handkerchiefs, tobacco tins.
Shuffle of feet ascends the darkened stair.

The son, defined upon the superscription,
Inherits now his cubicled domain
And reads. Indeed, should he possess again
The loneliness of time's slow mitigation?

Or spell the name, which is himself, and say:
"By now this woman's milk is out of me.
I have a debt of flesh, assuredly,
Which score the mintage of the breath might pay. . . .

"A certain weight of cunning flesh devised
So hunger is bred in the bitter bone
To cleave about this precious skeleton
Held mortmain of her womb and merchandised

"Unto the dark; a subtile engine, propped
In the sutured head beneath the coronal seam,
Whose illegal prodigality of dream
In shaking the escheat heart is quick estopped.

"Such is the substance of this legacy,
A fragile vision fed of acrid blood
Whose sweet process may bloom in gratitude
For the worthier gift of her mortality."

But still the flesh cries out unto the black
Void, across the plains insistently
Where rivers wash their wastage to the sea,
The mother flesh that cannot summon back

The tired child it would again possess
As shall a womb more tender than her own
That builds not tissue or the little bone
But dissolves them to itself in weariness.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

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The Real Issue at Havana

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE will need the imposing delegation he is sending to Havana to represent this country at the Sixth International Conference of American states, if he wishes to preserve the right of the Washington government to intervene in the affairs of the less powerful Latin-American nations. Similarly he will need all the oratorical strength he can command—as well as a little back-stage wire-pulling—if he is to prevent the adoption by the other American states of the "broad principle" of arbitration in the settlement of international disputes rather than the narrowly restricted principle now supported by the United States.

These questions must have been foremost in the mind of the President when he selected his delegates to the Havana meeting. Hitherto the United States, represented by diplomatic underlings instead of legalistic "best minds," has always been able to keep Pan-American Conferences from giving formal expression to views inimical to the sacred interests of the Washington bureaucracy. Since the coming conference offers the first serious threat to North American interests since the Pan-American love feasts were initiated by James G. Blaine, the White House has found it expedient to name such men as Charles Evans Hughes, Dwight W. Morrow, Oscar Underwood, Henry P. Fletcher, Morgan J. O'Brien, James Brown Scott and Ray Lyman Wilbur to represent the United States.

Foremost of the dynamite-laden questions that will be debated on the Havana floor is intervention, a matter which can refer only to one country, the United States. The International Commission of Jurists, which met in Rio de Janeiro from April 18 to May 20, 1927, to draw up a code of international law for the American states, cleverly side-stepped the issue, but at the same time made it certain that it would be thoroughly aired at Havana. In the course of its deliberations the commission received proposals from several countries which have recently been subjected to interference at the hands of the United States, these proposals being attempts to define or restrict such interference. The commission found, however,

> with regard to these propositions that some of them did not have that degree of maturity necessary for incorporation in the codification, and others, being drafted in the terms in which they were, might be considered as manifestations of a means of obtaining the commission's views regarding pending American political questions. For this reason the commission decided to transmit and to submit some of them for the consideration of the Sixth International Conference.

Among the proposals to be submitted to the Havana Conference is one from Haiti, whose territory has been occupied by American Marines for a number of years. This proposal asserts that

> any action carried out by a state, whether by means of diplomatic pressure or by armed force, in order to force its will upon that of the other state, constitutes intervention.

The Dominican Republic, also recently occupied by an armed force from the United States, and Mexico, in whose affairs Washington has interfered upon many occasions in the past, jointly offered the following, which may be considered the most pointed of the proposals to be taken up in January:

> No state may in the future directly or indirectly, nor by reason of any motive, occupy even temporarily any portion of the territory of another state. The consent given to the occupying state by the state occupied will not legitimatize the occupation and the occupant will be responsible for all occurrences resulting from the occupation not only with respect to the state occupied, but to third parties as well.

Had this proposal been incorporated in American international law a year ago, the United States would have been considered a law-breaker because of its intervention in Nicaragua, which since May 15, 1927, has resulted in the killing or wounding of more than 600 Nicaraguans by American Marines and by Marine-officered contingents of the native constabulary.

But this spirit of revolt against the meddling of the United States is not confined to the states directly affected. The Argentine Republic, probably the most powerful, and Paraguay, one of the most advanced, of the Latin countries, also have proposals to be considered at Havana. The Argentine suggestion simply declares that "a state may not intervene in the internal affairs nor in the external affairs of another state." Paraguay will ask to have the following incorporated in the codification:

> Intervention or any act of a state within the territory of another state without a previous declaration of war, with the intent to decide by force, material pressure, or moral coercion, internal or external questions of the other state, will be considered as a violation of international law.

All in all, Havana does not offer a very pleasant prospect for this country with respect to intervention, regarded by our Latin neighbors as the most obnoxious feature of American "imperialism." Of course, it is hardly to be conceived that the United States has reached that stage of impotency

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where it can no longer control a majority of the votes in a Pan-American Conference, and thus fail to spike the guns of its hostile neighbors. Still, the question of intervention appears due to be shifted into the limelight for a while and the resultant publicity, particularly in the South American press, may prove more harmful than any positive action that might be taken at Havana.

Arbitration, or rather the settlement of international disputes by pacific means, presents a somewhat different case. The last section of the report of the International Commission of Jurists deals with this problem in a brief and concise manner. Part I of the section provides that "in case of serious disagreement or conflict which it has not been possible to settle by direct diplomatic negotiations, the states shall, before entering upon any other procedure and providing that circumstances permit, request the good offices or the mediation of one or more friendly states." The authority of the mediator "shall be limited to reconciling the opposing claims and composing the resentments which may have arisen" and this authority "shall cease from the moment that it is ascertained either *ipso facto* or by statement of one of the parties, that the methods of conciliation proposed are not accepted." The decisions or opinions of the mediator "partake exclusively of the character of advice without obligatory force." Part II provides that "every controversy of fact, which for whatever cause arises between two or more states and which it has not been possible to adjust through diplomatic channels, or to submit to arbitration in conformity with existing treaties, shall be subjected to investigation and to the opinion of a commission," the members of the latter to be named by the governments directly concerned. The conclusions of this commission "shall be considered as a report on the controversy and not as a judicial sentence or an arbitral award." Part III provides that the governing board of the Pan-American Union shall "exercise the functions of a council of conciliation" to consider any "serious question which endangers the peace of nations" that may be brought before it. Part IV provides that "any question which has not been resolved by any of the methods which have been mentioned shall upon the request of the parties be submitted to the chief executive of any one of the American states or to any other person who has the confidence of the said parties. The chief executive or the person chosen shall assume the functions of a 'friendly compositor' and shall render his award." Part V defines arbitration and suggests that "the questions which the parties desire to be decided by a court of justice can be submitted to the Permanent Court of International Justice of The Hague . . . or to any other court of justice which may be constituted for this purpose by the American states."

Argentina and the other Latin countries can have no quarrel with this excellent formalization of the now incoherent procedure for mediation, conciliation and arbitration. They may be expected to offer the very pertinent objection, however, that neither this codification nor the agenda of the Havana Conference contemplates any action that will definitely commit the United States and all other American states to compulsory arbitration. At the 1923 Conference held in Santiago, Chile, the Argentine delegation attempted to bind the American republics to arbitration in all controversies that endangered peace. This effort failed, principally because it clashed with the theory of the United States that compulsory arbitration should be resorted to only in disputes which are purely international in character and readily justiciable in nature. The 1923 meeting, therefore, contented itself with a resolution "expressing gratification at the extension in recent years of the principles of conciliation, judicial settlement and arbitration between the nations of America, and the hope that wider and more general application would be given to these methods in the future."

Such harmless utterances do not satisfy the South Americans, who are always suspicious of the motives and good intentions of Washington. They recall, for instance, that the United States has been most eager to offer its good offices in disputes between other American countries, but has also been reluctant to accept mediation or arbitration in conflicts of its own. They have not forgotten the manner in which Washington ignored a decision of the Central American Court of International Justice, which had been organized under the direction of the Department of State. When the Bryan-Chamorro treaty of 1916, giving the United States the right to dig a canal across Nicaragua and to establish a naval base on the Gulf of Fonseca, was ratified, it brought immediate protests from Costa Rica, El Salvador and Honduras. The first contended that, inasmuch as the proposed canal route ran in part along the San Juan River, which divides Nicaragua from Costa Rica, the treaty infringed upon its rights. The others, whose territory fronts upon the Gulf of Fonseca, objected to the sale of naval base rights in that vicinity, Salvador asserting that the establishment of such a base would constitute "a serious menace . . . to the freedom of life and the autonomy of that Republic." Costa Rica and Salvador brought their quarrel to the Central American Court; on December 30, 1916, the Court found in favor of Costa Rica, although it did not pass upon the validity of the treaty; and on March 2, 1917, the Court handed down a like decision in Salvador's case. But Nicaragua and the United States decided to disregard these decisions, and in consequence the Court immediately went out of business.

Another test which the United States failed to meet was that afforded by its recent dispute with Mexico over the interpretation of Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution of 1917. Washington

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may have been correct in its opinion that the question did not lend itself to international judication, but the curt manner in which the United States refused even to consider mediation or arbitration in the matter was not relished by the rest of America, and this attitude of the United States has not been forgotten by the Argentinians, Chileans and Mexicans who will attend the Havana meeting.

The Latin Americans probably entertain no false hopes of incorporating into the international law codification a section that will make arbitration obligatory, but they may be expected to work for an international agreement separate from the codification which has the same end in view. But here again, as in the case of intervention, the supremacy of the United States in this hemisphere makes it virtually certain that the South Americans will fail —unless the protectorate states of Central America and the Caribbean region and the one or two friendly states of South America suddenly decide to thumb their respective noses at the "Giant of the North" and assert their political independence by adhering to such an agreement. In that event, the United States will have to accept the decision of the Latin Americans and likewise become a party to the agreement, or else step out, withdraw from its present active relationship with the rest of America, surrender the weapon it now holds in the shape of the Pan-American Union, and suffer a distinct loss in political prestige, if not also in commercial leadership, in this hemisphere.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN.

Jobs Have Their Moments

FASHIONS: THE RUBAIYAT REVUE

THE show-room has been converted into a cinema seraglio: incense, dim lights, oriental hangings, all complete. Off-stage a victrola is playing Scheherezade. A little slave girl in satin pantaloons and an embroidered Zouave jacket slinks on to the platform and holds up a large pasteboard marked No. 1. The curtains part; the show is on.

One after another the mannequins appear before the lighted cyclorama, unwind their clinging shawls; pose, turn, sway, and saunter down among the audience. They wear filmy black harem costumes, sleeveless, with generous pantaloons. Pearls and massive gold chains hang about their necks; long earrings dangle beside their cheeks. One has an intricate turban wound about her light bobbed hair.

And over her costume, with startling X-ray effect, each mannequin displays—a corset. Or, as the trade prefers, a Restraining Garment. All shapes, all sizes, all degrees of force.

First, a slender *jeune fille* in a boneless girdle of orchid silk. "Control without restraint" announces the printed program, thoughtfully provided with space for memoranda and a pencil attached by tasselled silk cord. Second, a tall Fatima in a sturdier creation of apricot velvet and silver cloth—"to achieve the new uplift effect." She flows from stage to pit, serene above her splendor. The dark girl behind her tosses a heroic head *à la* Jeanne d'Arc; her blue satin corselet gleams like supple steel. "To secure the unbroken line," the program explains. The next houri is girt with a sports "step-in" of purest elastic, red and white.

When the stylish stout comes into view, a sudden nervous silence does asterisk duty for a titter. Over her diaphanous black is clasped a straitjacket of bright pink brocade, hooking from armpit to thigh. Garters pass through slits in her trousers to make connection with decent black stockings. "Modern corsetry"—once more the program—"applies architectonic principles of stress, utilizing the diagonal pull of the garters for specialized control." She oozes slightly, above and below.

The Young Prince and Princess fade into a Hymn to the Sun. The procession continues. Pause, pose, turn, promenade. Buyers comment on all sides.

"Good diaphragm control there."

"Cupped in underneath—anchors so it don't ride up."

"First-rate stuff, that inner belt."

"—but you can't beat the good old back-lace for the odd forties."

"One peach of a show."

"And did you like our Revue?" The "stylist" of the firm is a bit wistful, a little anxious, immensely gratified.

"And did you understand the symbolism—why we called it The Rubaiyat Revue?"

One's ignorance is painful to both. She is patient, though disappointed.

"You see, we are trying to link up modern corsetry with the oriental philosophy as expounded by Omar Khayyam. There is a very vital connection, since each is based on the four fundamentals."

"Four fundamentals?"

"Yes, the same for both: Line, Form, Warmth, Color. You see?"

SELLING BOOKS

She wanted to buy a book. "A beautiful book."

"These are recent novels. 'The Time of Man,' by Elizabeth Roberts, is a very beautiful book."

It was a treat to offer her the best of service and of fiction; she was so different from the sleek goddesses who usually favor an uptown bookshop. She took the novel in purpled fingers, holding it close to her face. A round peasant face it was, blotchy, with short-sighted, blue eyes and a pink, snub nose. Young, though.

"But it must be beautiful on the outside, too."

Scandinavian or German, I wondered, on the evidence of sharp s's and hard consonants. She looked at me eagerly, feverishly, rubbing one hand against her worn brown coat.

"A beautiful book," she repeated.

"Perhaps you would like to look over our rare editions? We keep them on this side. Some of them are very lovely, I think. If you'll excuse me a few moments, I'll leave you to take your time."

"Tanks." She blushed. Then, carefully, "Thank you."

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A couple of habituées claimed attention. I sold a copy of "Elmer Gantry" to the lap-dog dowager with tapering seal feet, obviously by Fish. A professional exotic, complete with poster lips, black felt skull cap and It, wanted "The Marriage Bed" and the latest copy of Transition. She left, and my new customer came up timidly.

"Is this a good book?" She held a copy of Casanova in red morocco and gold, soft, glittering, luscious. She opened it, turned over the creamy leaves, ran her finger along the deckle edge, strained at the clear, black type.

"Is this a good book?"

I gulped. "Yes, a very good book for someone who appreciates it, you know. And beautifully gotten up, don't you think?"

"Appreciates, oh, yes—beautiful." She looked at it as if she were trying to pour herself between the covers.

"It's awfully expensive, though. Thirty-five dollars. Not many people want to spend thirty-five dollars on one book when you could get so many for that price." Confidential and chatty—that was the way to ease her off.

"It is beautiful. I take it."

She would have it sent, to Mr. Maurice de Rolles, on East Fifty-sixth Street. Yes, surely she would give me her name and address in case of difficulty. She was Meta Sauer, 287 Park Avenue, care of Mr. Everett Smith. She opened her lumpy handbag and took out a roll of bills. "Thirty-five dollars." Her finger nails were cracked—from dish-water, no doubt. How much does one earn in a Park Avenue kitchen?

"Here." She hardly looked at the money she paid me. Her eyes clove to Casanova's gorgeous jacket.

"You wish to include a card?"

"No. No card. I don't want he should know who sends it."

She went out; not back to the kitchen, for this was Thursday.

The young man about town said his name was Maurice de Rolles. He had received a very beautiful copy of Casanova, but unfortunately the sender's card seemed to have been omitted. Could we tell him to whom he was indebted. It was really a lovely thing——

He waited easily, holding his soft gray hat. Spats, cane, even gardenia. Just a little too good to be true. Perfection flowed like honey in his voice.

"There was no mistake. The lady didn't leave a card."

"It was a lady, then? Could you perhaps describe her?" His smile was an apology for prying; he bestowed it like a present.

"Sorry," I told him. "You see, so many customers come in."

He glanced about the empty shop and nodded courteously.

"At any rate, an exquisite thing to have. . . . "

I'd give my first edition of "Pamela" to know why she sent it.

House-to-House

"So you want to know about laundry soap?" She set down the basket of wet clothes and shook a large blob of suds from her apron.

"That's it," I told her. "Our company is making an investigation to find out which brand most laundresses prefer and why. What kind do you use?"

"Colonial Naphtha, every time. And if you want to know why, the reason is coupons." It seems one can be every inch the washerwoman and still suggest a sculptured Victory. There was something classic about the line of her dark hair, screwed back into a knot, and the wet skirt clinging to her legs.

"Yessir," she repeated, reaching into her pocket for a clothes-pin, "coupons is the thing. There's nothing you can't do with 'em."

"Is that so?"

"I'll say it is! Soap is soap, but coupons is money. Why, I've got four thousand seven hundred and several saved up right now. I won't use 'em, though, till my daughter Mercedes comes home."

"Oh, is your daughter away?"

"Away is right. Studying singing in Milan. It takes some elbow grease to keep a girl culturing her voice in Milan. . . . "

"I should think it would."

"Yessir. She works hard, too, Mercedes does. Her teacher says she ought to make a dayboo pretty soon. Then she'll be coming home." Away from the water her strong red arms paled rapidly, but the hands remained puffy and raw.

"I wonder how will it be for Mercedes, coming home to a mother that washes clothes. You see, she's been running around with artists and singers and gentlemen and counts. She's a good-looking girl, I'll say that for her even if I am her mother. Just imagine her coming back after all that——"

"But surely she will be so grateful to you that——"

"Gawd, I don't want her to be grateful. I want her to be successful. She *will* be successful, too," jabbing a pin firmly on the line to hold a flutter of pink and lace. "You just ought to hear her tell a furniture instalment man where to get off at. That's why I'm saving up those coupons till she comes home. She'll know how to invest them. Mercedes always knows the best buy." She shook out a tiny yellow frock, her last piece, and hung it next to the others. "Yessir, you just tell your company the soap with the best coupons is the best soap for me."

Greeting Cards

We have them, you know, for everything. Not just birthdays and Christmas and Easter. If you quarrel with your wife; if you ball up the Company's accounts; if you change your address—you can say it with a greeting card.

The little blonde was quite breathless and very pretty, and she must have a "Thank You" card. Well, we keep plenty of those. Was it for a present?

"No, not a present—not exactly."

"To acknowledge a telegram of congratulation, perhaps?" She looked bridal.

"No—oh, no."

"Perhaps for hospitality?"

"Well, in a way——"

Suddenly it all tumbled out. "You see, my sweetie took

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me up to Albany on the Saturday night boat. We came back Sunday night. Oh boy, did we have a high time! And I just *can't* write letters!"

She finally chose an engraved square in sober black and white: "Thanks for the Happy Hours Spent with You."

BETSY GREENEBAUM.

Washington Notes

WHATEVER else is said about the Democrats—and few uncomplimentary things can be said that are not justified—it must be admitted that when they gather together, they give a first-class show. Before the act is over they may have mortally wounded all the star performers, and poisoned the whole party, but if you are in a fortunate position of completely detached irresponsibility, such as I am always careful to occupy, the show itself is enjoyable. Always, it is more full of life and color, fire and force, than any the Republicans put on. The fights are more realistic, the drama more convincing, the wreckage more whole-hearted and sincere. The discipline is not so rigid nor the smugness as thick. For these and other reasons I look forward to the meeting of the Democratic National Committee, which will be held here in a few days, with feelings of pleasurable anticipation. I feel in my old bones that there will be some fun.

Just look at the situation. The dry and unchangeably Democratic South is about to be given its worst dose of medicine. It is scheduled to have forced on it at the 1928 convention the one candidate for whom it has the strongest distaste—the wet, Catholic, Tammany Alfred Emanuel Smith, the four-time Governor of New York. The South is expected to accept Al in July and then deliver some 136 Democratic electoral votes as usual in November. These, if he can also carry New York and certain other doubtful states, will give him his chance at the presidency—whatever that may be. In my judgment, the South will do just what is expected of it. It will swallow Al both times—first, in the convention, and again, on election day. It will suffer like the deuce, but it will gulp the dose down. The suffering, however, will not be done in silence. All over the South there will be groans, moans and loud cries of protest, but it will not amount to much when the show-down comes. The South will stay solidly Democratic if the wet Catholic should be nominated, and for two very simple reasons which seem to be generally overlooked in discussions of the subject, but which most of the saner politicians from this turbulent section concede to be valid. One is, that the press in the South, whatever its opposition to Al in the convention, will support him earnestly after the convention. There will, of course, be an exception or two, but it is perfectly well known now that the important papers of the South will be with him.

Second, regardless of how strongly its leaders stand out against him in the convention, the organization in every single Southern state will be solidly for him after the nomination.

I think it will be conceded that in the eleven states of the so-called solid South in which the Republican party is a sham and a shell, any candidate will win who has both the Democratic machine and the Democratic papers with him. There may be some doubt about Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee. There is a very real Republican party in those states, and Republican candidates for the presidency have carried them more than once in the past. But in the other states—the states carried by Davis and by Cox and by Bryan and Parker—there is no more danger of Smith's losing than there is of any other Democrat's. In those states, being a wet and a Catholic will make no difference, so far as the result is concerned. The Democratic candidate might be a Buddhist and a bootlegger, but with the machine and the Democratic newspapers he would be all right. This talk about the breaking up of the solid South is the silliest twaddle put out in the last few years. It is amazing how many supposedly serious-minded people have been induced to take stock in it.

I do not know whether Smith, as a candidate for President, could carry New York as he has carried it as a candidate for Governor, or would carry New Jersey, Massachusetts and other more or less contiguous states claimed for him. But so far as the Southern states which have always gone Democratic are concerned, there is no more doubt than there is that Kansas will be for Charlie Curtis in the Republican convention, or that his present effort to love his fellow man will make Jim Reed sick if he keeps it up very long, or that Borah's straining of the party traces will never get to the breaking point. When this fundamental fact is grasped, the futility of the opposition to the Smith nomination can be better understood, and the bitter balderdash with which certain Southern statesmen will bespatter the committee meeting next week can be better gauged.

The utter inability of the opposition to find any other figure not obviously absurd, around whom to rally, is the surest indication of the force of the Smith candidacy. The Jim Reed activity, which I understand will come to a climax this week in the opening of headquarters at the Mayflower during the committee meeting, means exactly nothing. I am far from being convinced that Reed himself has any serious notion that he could get the nomination—or that he wants it. Notwithstanding the extraordinary lack of clarity with which men who dream presidential dreams see themselves, I am disposed to believe that all there is to the Reed candidacy is the sardonic satisfaction Jim will personally derive from having the state of Missouri, which in 1920 and 1924 repudiated and rejected him, present him as its favorite son in 1928. I have reason to believe that Mr. Reed made up his mind not to run again for the Senate at least three years ago—about the time, for example, that Oscar Underwood made up his—and that his presidential candidacy had nothing whatever to do with the decision. The plain fact is that there is vastly more hostility to his presidential aspirations, among Democrats, than friendliness. There is in the country no real Reed sentiment, and, as a more or less intermittent admirer of his, I should hate to see him laboring under the delusion that such sentiment existed.

My belief is that, when this meeting of the committee

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and the ridiculous Jackson Day banquet with which the meeting is to conclude are both over, the inevitability of the Smith nomination will be too apparent to leave much room for argument. Smith may be beaten and beaten very badly, but at least he will make a fight of it. No one else could—and that is too patent a fact to dispute. The reason I refer to the grand get-together Jackson Day harmony banquet, for which the invitations have just gone out, as ridiculous, is because apparently everybody will be there but Alfred Emanuel. That in itself, it seems to me, makes it ridiculous. The good Clem, chairman of the committee, has, I understand, made desperate efforts to get Al to break his rule not to make any speech of any sort outside of New York, but up to the present moment, these efforts have not been successful. Clem, with a queer streak of persistence running through his unobtrusive nature, has not given up hope. In the end he may succeed, but I should be greatly surprised if he did. It seems so clear that Al has nothing whatever to gain by coming to the banquet. While I believe there will be some fun at this dinner, I submit that it sounds like a splendid place for Al not to be.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Trees and Art

Vatican Choir

I LISTEN to Palestrina's "Laudate Dominum," the singers' voices rising and falling, changing from one part to another, from one quality to another, now one voice, now all the voices in their several kinds. I hear the theme, the part balanced against part, the variation, the repetitions, and finally the end that brings all to its due completion. This is the flower of Renaissance art, it is sophisticated, elaborated, baroque, easy to hear, difficult to follow with an exact perception.

And yet, I say to myself, how like nature this art is! The aspect of a tree is simple; it is easy to sense and hear. It is complex and but slowly seen in its exact parts. A tree completes itself, it is whole. Each of its leaves is different from the rest, but one leaf repeats another, too; they are phrased in branches, which blow in and out of the whole. The forms of the tree echo and repeat. And the wind, which is one sound, blows here and there among the leaves and branches; it sounds in one part and then another, with the same and with different voices; it echoes from one part to another, all the tree is poured into it.

People and Solitude

The desire for solitude, the desire for life, these two forces draw and rend the artist. He wishes to be alone, he wishes to be in the midst of living. When he is in one state he feels the nostalgia of the other; and when he is in that, the first lies at the bottom of his soul. This struggle and movement in him is a sign of his creative power, and remains so long as this power is alive.

Any tree or flower, an elm or a rose, exists by its singleness. It could not exict only in general living nature, for that would not be to exist at all. But at the same time, though under the necessity of this singleness of its own, this elm tree or rose shares in all natural life, of which it is a part. This struggle goes on in it so long as it is a living thing; it crumbles, when the struggle ceases, into the mere busy dust in which nature takes her course.

Impulse

In an oak, or any natural thing, the main impulse is toward that one character that will distinguish it from every other tree or anything else in nature, and that, in spite of its chemistry and complex relation to vegetable life, makes an oak a simple thing. The wholeness of this character contains a necessary harmony of elements and qualities.

The artist not only has the same impulse in every work he creates. With all that he uses for the material of his creation—objects, persons, ideas, the world within and without him—he is anxious to be always truer, and wishes to preserve in everything he touches its first simplicity and harmony.

Abstract and Concrete

You will notice that concrete minds, those that live in facts and definite actuality, are generally strong supporters of abstract notions. Such a man lives in facts; and side by side with these facts, over and above them, he picks up, borrows or evolves from his own insides these abstractions, which in turn he maintains as preferences or causes, and all the more strongly supports by reason of their disconnection from the facts that he so largely lives in. He champions morality, freedom, uplift, charity, but lives in hours, statistics, trees, clouds, money, as facts.

Abstract minds are passionately concerned with concrete reality. Their motion is from ideas and qualities to facts. To facts they bring their abstractions, which they have built up out of this actuality and which they wish these concrete facts to contain and exemplify. To these minds their abstractions are so natural and immediate that they will fight in behalf of the reality in which they see them exhibited, with the same impulse that the soul manifests when it clings to the body by which it dwells in the world.

In the artist there is an easy flow to and fro between abstraction and fact. Ideas and qualities are instinctive to his every moment, but they are not separate from the concrete actuality of plain facts, objects, conditions. He looks on the pine or willow tree anxious to see in its exact nature the possibility of the verdure, permanence or lament that may be in him. And the fact and the abstraction are both so strong for him that an ideal reality takes shape within him, complete in itself and ready to come to life in the substance of his art.

Music

Since early Greek days and nobody knows how long before, we have been speaking of various harmonious relationships that we perceive, as music, the music of the spheres, the music of a picture, of movements in gesture,

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the music of a design in architecture, even the landscape's music and the clouds'.

Someone who thinks straight in esthetics must be obliged to reproach us for this confusion of terms; though he would not follow Plato into his last metaphysics, he will quote him at least so far as to remind us that "most men are blind to the fact of their ignorance of the essential character of each individual thing." We might reply that the essential character of all art, and of these observations we make of the spheres, et cetera, is a matter of relation among elements, and that music sums this up for us. But he might reply then that since this character underlies all these, not only music, but also architecture, movement, landscape and so on, it follows that the distinguishing character of music itself, as contrasted with all the others, lies in sound. You only muddle things up, he says, by using the word for everything right and left.

The argument may be excellent, but the habit will not leave us. When we look at a tree moving in the wind, and see the pattern of its leaves, its branches, its forms in relation to the heavier lines of the trunk, and when we see its quivering stream, what Herrick in another place called the "liquefaction" of its leaves, even though it be out of our hearing, the whole of it seems musical. By the term music we express not only the relationships we perceive, but also our happiness in the perceiving.

In the life of an artist all things seem to move in music, so conscious is he of a sense within him of their life together. And if, in the tradition of poets, he thinks of the morning stars singing together, it is because the stars and their constellations stir in him such beauty that it has the immediacy of music, and is complete like music, and free even of the image of the stars themselves.

STARK YOUNG.

The Quixotic Saint

IN 1605, the year in which Shakespeare wrote "Macbeth," a work appeared over an inconspicuous Spanish name which convulsed the world with laughter. The object of this laughter was an innocent and forlorn old man, the butt of besotted innkeepers and ladies of the town temporarily out of work, for a time unwittingly the professional clown of a great lord and his distinguished family—an old fellow so stupendously deluded as to imagine that the world is a serious place in which there is much undeserved misery, and that something can be done about it. He did what he could with prodigious earnestness and courage; and his name has become a by-word in all languages.

It is difficult to make out now just what set the early Jacobeans laughing. The textbooks tell us that Cervantes ridiculed the literary vogue of chivalry out of existence; but is that funny? Perhaps the story gave the profiteers of the day a chance to turn the laugh on a discredited nobility. England was then already middle-class, as Cromwell was soon to demonstrate; and, after the disastrous wars of Philip II, there must have been a good many profiteers as well as a slight transient dearth of noble blood in Spain. But Cervantes treated the actual grandees of his satire well. He made Don Quixote a humble country squire; and he handled the establishment of the duke with becoming servility. Perhaps the ridiculous thing to people of that day and age was the infatuated seriousness with which Quixote took the moral principles of chivalry and knighthood. We must bear in mind that they had not enjoyed the advantage of reading Tennyson. They were nearer Malory, and may have recalled that chivalry, old-style, was not quite as chaste in fact as the version promulgated by those two perfect gentle knights, Cervantes' Quixote and Tennyson's Lancelot. Perhaps it was that very display of Tennysonian squeamishness such as brought pious tears to the eyes of the Victorians which made the Jacobeans roar and beat their thighs. After all, what is more ridiculous than virtue?

Don Quixote was ridiculous because he was a saint. All saints are ridiculous. Again and again in his long and eloquent sermon upon Cervantes' text ("The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho According to Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra," expounded with comment by Miguel de Unamuno, translated by Homer P. Earle. Knopf) Unamuno thrusts his ironic rapier between his Spanish readers' ribs with a reference to an incident in the life of their great religious hero, Ignatius de Loyola, which precisely parallels some excruciating exploit of Quixote. Moreover, the purity of Quixote's character shines persistently through all his author's mud. His innocence quiets prostitutes; his faith shames the stumbling vulgarity of Panza; and his constancy at length wrings some measure of sullen respect even from Cervantes, the stupidest of authors.

Miguel de Unamuno, being a philosopher, insists that Don Quixote's wine-sacks and windmills and Dulcineas were real; that Don Quixote was real; that even Sancho Panza almost achieves reality—while Cervantes himself and the huge anonymous public who laughed and paid his piper were insubstantial shadows. But this is a matter of interpretation. In any case, Don Quixote's heroism and sainthood, and the miserable obliquity and corruption of his tormentors from that day to this are, I think, beyond dispute.

But most especially his courage: for, as Señor de Unamuno says, "the purest, highest courage is that which confronts, not bodily injury, nor loss of fortune, nor smirch of honor, but ridicule—being taken for a madman or a fool." In this Don Quixote was preëminent. He deserves to rank not merely with Loyola, but with Loyola's Master; for whereas Don Quixote took himself for a knight, the Master took himself (as people thought) for the King of the Jews. Delusions of this kind are very offensive to common sense—to that kind of common sense which is derived from common prudence, which is to say, common cowardice.

Moral cowardice is the chief plague of civilization. Men begin with a "social contract" to stand together for the common good, and end by putting their shoulders to the support of tottering institutions in the name of "social order," a social order which, as Unamuno says with blistering irony, "is well known to be today the supreme criterion of the truth of all doctrine." In one episode of the stupid farce, Don Quixote gets into an argument with a tavern crowd as to whether his head-piece is a basin (as

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it appears to uninspired common sense) or (as he maintains) a helmet. He conducts the argument with such vigor that soon his persuasion (or the notion of a joke) induces a few to contend, with him, that the basin is a helmet. Unamuno, who is gifted with rather sharper vision than Cervantes, points out at once the familiarity of the argument—"such as whether bread is bread and wine is wine"—and insists that "in few adventures does Don Quixote appear to us greater than in this." But "the significant feature of it is that the majority of helmet partisans privately believe it is a basin"!

In another episode in another tavern, Don Quixote is witness to a pasteboard puppet-show which he insists on taking in grim earnest, attacking the pasteboard villains and almost butchering the protesting showman. This is to be read with screams of laughter. But, says Unamuno, Quixote did absolutely right. Whenever anybody attacks our puppet-show, people shout at him to stop. " 'Be careful sir,' they say, 'that you do nothing ridiculous. We are all in on the secret; this is naught but a neighborly amusement and fools nobody.' " But, Unamuno answers them, "it's just because they are nothing but little pasteboard figures and because we are all in on the game that it is so necessary to destroy and behead them; for there is nothing so pernicious as a lie universally consented to. . . . Death to the play-actors! All the shows should be swept away, all the sanctioned fictions!"—and the translator whispers to us in a footnote that Unamuno's word for shows is *retablos,* "which has a somewhat antiquated meaning of puppet-show, and also the current one of altar-piece."

As with other saints, Don Quixote's real attack is upon the puppet-shows of life and the people who attend them. "Lies coil about and strangle the souls of this breed of dull sheep, stupefied by impacted common sense"—lies of another kind than Don Quixote's innocent and earnest knighthood. Señor de Unamuno's commentary was first published in 1905; and the revised text from which Mr. Earle's translation has been drawn appeared in 1913, some years before the heyday of that jolly puppet-master, Primo de Rivera. Consequently the author's remarks must not be understood as topical. He has all of us in mind. He understands our malady. When Don Quixote first set forth, he scorned money and insisted that the knights of old knew naught of it; but a shrewd innkeeper persuaded him to travel with a well filled purse, which he thereafter did—"for he was a very reasonable lunatic; and at any allusion to money there is no lunacy that does not yield." When Don Quixote meets a showman transporting a lion in a cage, he orders the terrified keeper to open the cage so that he may do battle with the lion, and finally this is done; but the lion stretches, yawns, and then very coolly and tranquilly lies down again in his cage. Says Unamuno, he was *ashamed* before Don Quixote's courage: the incident precisely parallels one of the most heroic exploits of the Cid. But the lion—"perhaps he was one of the two that appear on our arms, and the other the one that was ashamed before the Cid." Don Quixote nowhere fell in with an eagle or a unicorn.

"In the capital of my country and Don Quixote's," says Señor de Unamuno, there is a puppet-show "where they play Melisandra's liberation, or the regeneration of Spain, or the revolution of the classes; there, in the national Parliament, they manipulate little pasteboard figures, according as Maese Pedro pulls the strings. What is needed yonder is the entry of some mad knight-errant who, regardless of outcries, would knock down, maim, and decapitate all those gesticulators, and destroy and ruin the entire capital stock of Maese Pedro." This sounds like the prescription of a Duce, but only in the ears of men stupefied by impacted common sense; not only are they ignorant of the recent quixotic adventures of the author, but privately they disbelieve the account of Christ's affair with the money changers.

Unamuno's "Don Quixote" is a great work, original and enthralling. Therefore Mr. Knopf, who knows his public, evidently thought it likely to score a brilliant commercial failure; for he has quite outdone himself in turning out a handsome book. Through the expert agency of the Plimpton Press he has got up a colorful cloth binding which without stooping to mere imitation or even ceasing to be definitely modern and Borzoiesque yet manages faintly to suggest old calfskin and the quaint typography of an earlier day. It is a book which one must own.

C. E. Ayres.

Translations from Greek Tragedy

THE following translations by Mr. A. E. Housman are reprinted from an anthology called "Odes from the Greek Dramatists," published in London in 1890 by David Stott, and now out of print.

Æschylus: Septem Contra Thebas

848-860

Now do our eyes behold
The tidings which were told:
Twin fallen kings, twin perished hopes to mourn,
The slayer, the slain,
The entangled doom forlorn
And ruinous end of twain.
Say, is not sorrow, is not sorrow's sum
On home and hearthstone come?
O waft with sighs the sail from shore,
O smite the bosom, cadencing the oar
That rows beyond the rueful stream for aye
To the far strand,
The ship of souls, the dark,
The unreturning bark
Whereon light never falls nor foot of Day.
Ev'n to the bourne of all, to the unbeholden land.

Sophocles: Œdipus Coloneus

1211-1248

What man is he that yearneth
For length unmeasured of days?
Folly mine eye discerneth
Encompassing all his ways.

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For years over-running the measure
Shall change thee in evil wise:
Grief draweth nigh thee; and pleasure,
Behold, it is hid from thine eyes.
This to their wage have they
Which overlive their day.
And He that looseth from labor
Doth one with other befriend,
Whom bride nor bridesmen attend,
Song, nor sound of the tabor,
Death, that maketh an end.

Thy portion esteem I highest,
Who wast not ever begot;
Thine next, being born who diest
And straightway again art not.
With follies light as the feather
Doth Youth to man befall;
Then evils gather together,
There wants not one of them all—
Wrath, envy, discord, strife,
The sword that seeketh life.
And sealing the sum of trouble
Doth tottering Age draw nigh,
Whom friends and kinsfolk fly,
Age, upon whom redouble
All sorrows under the sky.

This man, as me, even so,
Have the evil days overtaken;
And like as a cape sea-shaken
With tempest at earth's last verges
And shock of all winds that blow,
His head the seas of woe,
The thunders of awful surges
Ruining overflow;
Blown from the fall of even,
Blown from the dayspring forth,
Blown from the noon in heaven,
Blown from night and the North.

EURIPIDES: ALCESTIS
962-1005

In heaven-high musings and many,
Far-seeking and deep debate,
Of strong things find I not any
That is as the strength of Fate.
Help nor healing is told
In soothsayings uttered of old,
In the Thracian runes, the verses
Engraven of Orpheus' pen;
No balm of virtue to save
Apollo aforetime gave,
Who stayeth with tender mercies
The plagues of the children of men.

She hath not her habitation
In temples that hands have wrought;
Him that bringeth oblation,
Behold, she heedeth him naught.
Be thou not wroth with us more,
O mistress, than heretofore;
For what God willeth soever,
That thou bringest to be;
Thou breakest in sunder the brand
Far forged in the Iron Land;
Thine heart is cruel, and never
Came pity anigh unto thee.

Thee, too, O King, hath she taken
And bound in her tenfold chain;
Yet faint not, neither complain:
The dead thou wilt not awaken
For all thy weeping again.
They perish, whom gods begot;
The night releaseth them not.
Beloved was she that died
And dear shall ever abide,
For this was the queen among women, Admetus,
that lay by thy side.

Not as the multitude lowly
Asleep in their sepulchers,
Not as their grave be hers,
But like as the gods held holy,
The worship of wayfarers.
Yea, all that travel the way
Far off shall see it and say,
Lo, erst for her lord she died,
Today she sitteth enskied;
Hail, lady, be gracious to usward; that alway her
honor abide.

A COMMUNICATION

They Want Borah

SIR: Borah for President, on any ticket. The Progressive party in Idaho, second in voting strength in three successive campaigns, has gone on record for just such an event. "We demand that Senator Borah become a candidate for the presidency, pledging him our support on any ticket upon which he chooses to run," was the ringing declaration adopted recently by the party.

Yet Senator Borah is listed as a Republican. When a party like ours, that has bitterly fought the Republican machine in this state, can get behind a Republican, there must be a good reason. Because William E. Borah has that wholesome Yankee honesty in all his contacts with public questions, and is also essentially right in his voting on those same questions, and has, in addition, a dash of western independence, Idaho Progressives are for him. I think Luke Williams, the leader of our legislative group, put it best when he said, "I am for Borah for President on the Progressive ticket, or on a Republican ticket, or on a Chinese laundry ticket."

Many of these farmers have a very clear perspective on national questions. The flood of graft and scandal at the federal capital has hurt their national civic pride. In the minds of these ranchers, "venal Rome" never had anything on the reign of "oil" at Washington. Too many of our high officials are carrying the stench of unwashable petroleum in their clothes. These last few years smell to high heaven. And there is more than a suspicion that, in all these exposures, the surface has just been scratched.

Many of these Idaho ranchers believe that our country must have a revival of honesty in high places of government. They realize, more than most folks, that the government must purify itself or go down as a democratic institution. And these voters out here see in Senator Borah the leadership that will cleanse and make right our Washington government in the eyes of our indignant citizenship.

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Few men command such loyalty in their own state as Borah. In the 1924 campaign, he got four votes out of five cast for the senatorship. The folks at home like him. They read with pleasure of his elevation to the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee—which job, as Will Rogers hints, makes him in Europe's eyes a little bigger than President Coolidge. And when the Senator comes home after a triumphant year at Washington, he comes to town with no parades or banquets. He is plain Bill Borah, with no affectation whatever. He refuses to be lionized. We have a round table at one of the restaurants in Boise, where at the noon hour a group of a dozen men, representing every political faith, meet and discuss the current questions. Senator Borah often comes, and takes his share of sharp criticism from wet sympathizers or other opponents of some of his ideas. He never hides behind his prestige or senatorial dignity, but gives and takes with the rest of the table. And he is just as much at home at a Grange picnic or a labor picnic as on the floor of the Senate. His refusal to accept an unlawful increase of salary brought a whoop of approval from his rancher friends. In other words, Bill Borah is the best crop that Idaho has ever raised, and Idaho is proud of her crop.

We laugh out here when we hear of Coolidge economy. We realize that his cancellation of European debt policy would offset a thousand years' pruning of government expenses. We keep in mind Senator Borah's great but hopeless fight against the cancellation of these debts. We have not forgotten how that money was gouged out of us during the War. We might mention that a year ago, when Italy was forgiven all but twenty-eight cents on every dollar, our government was forcing farmers out here on one of the government irrigation tracts to sell their chickens and milk-producing cows to pay up every penny on the government loan, refusing another day of extension.

The La Follette followers in this state are believers in Borah. For many years, these two men fought the good fight side by side against corruption in high places. They withstood the greatest pressure brought to bear upon them to play the game and be good Indians. Now La Follette is gone, and it is natural for men out here to look to Borah as their logical leader for civic righteousness. If Senator Borah becomes a candidate for the presidency, he must refuse, as he will, all big campaign slush funds. He will have to depend on a popular uprising of the people to take the government in their own hands. If he wins, they will also have to take over the control of the conventions. It looks to us that the issue will be Borah and the people versus corporation boss rule. We do know that he ought to win.

In Borah is concentrated conservative and progressive leadership that seldom makes a mistake, as it is guided by well known constitutional charts and historical experience. We Progressives, and many others, believe that unless a Rooseveltian leadership such as the Borah type of statesmanship is quickly placed in the White House, then a further slump in honesty in government is ahead of us; and that means a national cataclysm. We are therefore willing to forget party ties and back up a leader who fears no wrong-doer in government, and who will not compromise with evil.

RAY MCKAIG.
State chairman, Progressive party.

Boise, Idaho.

CORRESPONDENCE

"A Financial Path to Peace"

SIR: Congratulations on your article by Mr. Levinson, "A Financial Path to Peace." It revived my waning faith to that extent that I simply could not resist the urge to try to start the ball rolling to make the Levinson Peace Plan a reality.

I wrote The Christian Century, Chicago, The World Tomorrow, and the Bulletin of Federal Council of Churches, Utica, N. Y., feeling that they were in touch with the different branches of the Churches, which in turn are the largest organized bodies, ready to jump into action at the command. . . . I suggested a conference of you people and such others as you feel like asking, with the object of agreeing on Peace Day, which I think should not be later than the middle of March, owing to the short session of Congress and the campaign year. . . .

I thank you and Mr. Levinson for the service in giving this plan to the world.

H. W. MANGOLD.

San Jose, California.

The English Labor Conference

SIR: I have just read, in your issue of November 9, an article entitled "The British Parties in Conference," by Mr. H. J. Laski. With the portion of that article dealing with the Conservative Conference I do not quarrel, since I was not there: but with that purporting to describe the Labor Party Conference I must quarrel seriously, since I was at Blackpool, and Mr. Laski was not, and I am bound to say that his account of it is, to me, unrecognizable, and conveys an impression to your readers that seems unfairly misleading.

Anyone who has attended a conference knows that its atmosphere is at least as significant as its resolutions, and gives to them their context, color, and bearing. No one who was at Blackpool during the four and a half days of closely attended and thoroughly animated discussion could possibly describe the atmosphere as conservative, or imply that the party is losing its idealism. I have not met one delegate since, who did not, like myself, come away stimulated and encouraged, at least as much impressed by the Conference's strong grip of idea as by its sanity.

It is true, as Mr. Laski says, that "the voice of the Communist was hardly heard"—but is this the test of Socialism? The party, three years ago, committed itself, definitely, to the view that it is not: that the "Voice of the Communist" is retarding, not promoting, the Socialist aim: and Communism in Britain, as their own conference showed, is fading out, quite fast. At Blackpool, the "voice of the Communist" was not heard much, or to much purpose—but that of the Socialist dominated everything. The Conference was realistic: it faced facts: but it never lost sight of the idea that gives it guidance and direction in its handling of and attitude to facts. As Mr. MacDonald put it, in winding up the discussion on the Election Program, "the principle in the background of the program is Socialism." It was the possession of such a principle that made it possible and desirable for Labor to have a formulated program, since it had, as other parties have not, a permanent ideal to which temporary items could be collated, and in whose light they were placed in it. The Socialism

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of the Conference, and of the party today, is not, any longer, in the first stage of enthusiastic but largely empty formulæ, but in the second, that of the resolute application of informing and inspiring idea to fact; Socialism, not as a word, but as a policy.

The essential inaccuracy into which a writer must fall who describes a conference from press reports is illustrated in this context (many others could be cited, but one may suffice) by Mr. Laski's reference to the "eminent trade unionist" who asked for "the exclusion of Socialist proposals." What Mr. Ernest Bevin did do was, in a totally different connection, to warn off the I. L. P. from "interfering in legitimate trade union business" by ill-thought-out plans of organization, etc. No one who heard Mr. Bevin could have made Mr. Laski's error in interpretation, though a reader of a newspaper might do so, if his wishes lay in that direction.

Nothing, again, could be more misleading than Mr. Laski's description of the Conference as "dominated by the machine." The new executive was not "given a free hand to do as it likes." That executive, which contains such leaders of the "Left" as Oswald Mosley, Charles Trevelyan and Ellen Wilkinson, and was elected by great votes by this alleged "reactionary" Conference, has got something quite different—a mandate to draft the resolutions passed at Blackpool and at other party conferences into an election program, which will, in its turn, have to be submitted to the next Conference—in 1928—for criticism and endorsement. The party may be criticized as too democratic but not as machine-run, by anyone who knows the facts.

Nor do the resolutions passed at Blackpool justify Mr. Laski's strictures. They show no retrocession from Socialist policy. First, as to foreign policy and peace (on which everything else depends): the Conference declared its support of the Geneva Protocol and its plan of all-in arbitration as the basis of security and consequently of disarmament and the ultimate outlawry of war; it pledged itself, at the earliest opportunity, to reëstablish friendly and normal relations with Russia; it declared its sympathy with the Chinese workers and readiness to make entirely new treaties with China; it reaffirmed the right of the Indian peoples to full self-government. If it rejected the general strike as a means of preventing war, and the demand for a further effort for unity with the Third International, it did so on realistic grounds, because, after some experience of the futility of both efforts, its internationalism is set along other and more constructive lines. In regard to home policy, the Conference dealt with unemployment (both as to prevention and relief), trade disputes, the House of Lords and agricultural policy (on which, by the by, the Daily Mail has declared war to the knife). It accepted a comprehensive education program, and a series of resolutions dealing with the decentralization of local government and the abolition of the Poor Law. It reaffirmed its belief in the nationalization of the mines (which is to be a primary action of a new Labor government) and outlined an immediate mining policy. It provided for the initial finance of Socialist transition by the proposal to levy a surtax on unearned wealth above £500 per annum at a steeply graduated rate. If Mr. Laski regards outside attack, whether Liberal or Conservative, as the test of "advance," he ought to be satisfied with the reception meted out to this proposal, which certainly seems to clear the party of any charge of "tameness."

Actually, the explanation of Mr. Laski's attitude and tone is to be found in two directions, neither of them internal to the Conference itself. First, as is clear to readers here, though perhaps not so clear to readers in the United States, his partisanship of the birth control propaganda. Of what happened on this at Blackpool, his account does not convey a true picture. The Conference endorsed the view of the executive that the subject is "in its nature not one which should be made a party political issue, but should remain a matter upon which members of the party should be free to hold and promote their individual convictions." The delegates were impressed by the woman doctor who said that the welfare centers were unsuitable places for the giving of the information asked for, but I doubt whether more than a very small percentage were opposed to its being given. What they were opposed to is the effort, concealed behind the propaganda for birth control, to stampede the party into making it a party political issue. And this their votes registered. The second explanation of Mr. Laski's attitude is his hostility to Mr. MacDonald. About this more need not be said than that Blackpool very decidedly did not share it, any more than does the rank and file of the party throughout the country, which is perfectly aware of the fact that he is the indispensable man, rejoices at his visible recovery of full effective fighting power, and would smile at any description of him as "hostile to ideas."

London, England. MARY AGNES HAMILTON.

Millers and the Tariff

SIR: After a visit in the state of Kansas and conversations with Kansas farmers and millers, I have concluded that the great farming states still regard our tariff as the very essence of the universe. The question there is not how to reduce the tariff on articles consumed by farmers, but how to make the tariff effective for the farmers.

The millers know how to make the tariff effective for the wheat farmers, and I have seen copies of communications to Secretary of Agriculture Jardine that explain the plan. Millers and bakers under this plan are to agree and arrange that only high-grade bread, made of the highest patents of flour, is offered to the American public, and that the lower patent flour is dumped in foreign countries. All the wheat of our country will be needed to contribute its best ingredients for the high-grade flour of our consumers, and to the extent of these ingredients will become an American product that needs no foreign market, and is protected against Canadian and South American wheat by our beneficent tariff system. The millers would be willing to dump the lower grade of flour abroad at a loss, finding consolation and indemnity in the safe and sound prices that the American consumers will pay for the high grades.

As our government with its tariff enables manufacturers of aluminum and other goods to fix sound and safe prices that will insure proper returns to themselves and employees, why should not millers and bakers have the privilege to do the same for themselves and the farmers? American consumers have always been generous toward beneficiaries of the tariff system, the system that reminds them of Lincoln, Greeley, Garfield, McKinley and Coolidge. CORNELIUS M. ENNS.

Los Angeles, California.

Football vs. Faculty

SIR: The football season is over, and no doubt the usual crop of demands that the sport be suppressed or modified will appear. My own contribution is nothing more than a suggestion that the colleges recognize that football is a profession and refrain from annoying the players with useless scholastic requirements. If this step is taken, a few of the more conscientious college presidents will escape a few pangs of conscience, and the coaches will no longer be hampered by the demands of Chem. Lab, and Zoölogy 1.

A football team is at least as necessary as a faculty in a modern university. It is perhaps more necessary, because the team is able to arouse in the student body enthusiasm, devotion and intensity of purpose, desirable qualities which, according to reports, common professors have failed lamentably to inspire in the youth entrusted to their care. The players, therefore, should be selected with the same care and receive an even greater honorarium than professors of economics or psychology. Incidentally, the advertising value of a winning team should not be overlooked.

A few months ago, I heard a professor at my own *alma mater* boast that he had "busted" two of the most promising members of Gil. Dobie's squad. Under the plan which I suggest, such an affront to Dean Dobie and the members of his faculty would be impossible, but under the present unsatisfactory and anomalous conditions, the Thanksgivin_ game was lost by the score of 35 to 0.

A. W. MCKAY.

Chevy Chase, Maryland.

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Importance of Being Ernest

Literary Blasphemies, by Ernest Boyd. New York: Harper and Brothers. 265 pages. $2.50.

ERNEST BOYD does not like professors. In particular, he distrusts and abhors their influence upon literature as affecting the attitude of the public toward writers of the past and those of the present. He considers that they are responsible for the maintenance of false standards which tend to the destruction of real values, and to the substitution of lip service for genuine appreciation. Hence his "Literary Blasphemies." As a professor myself *in partibus infidelium* (by which I mean Mr. Boyd), I confess to agreement with much that he says.

Mr. Boyd's main thesis as stated "to the indignant reader" is that the classics are reverenced by the average person "very much as the average Christian reveres Christ"; that "many reputations survive in the class-room as many Christian virtues survive only in church." He finds that "the greatest heat in resisting these literary blasphemies has been shown by critics whose tastes in current literature are most incompatible with their zeal on behalf of the classics," while other critics there are "whose instinct for what the public wants is surpassed only by their timidity in questioning the merits of the great," and "who find their ready acquiescence in the opinions of the critics who have preceded them a consolation for their present failure to do their critical duty." Thus the academic dead hand is laid upon the new body of literature which is shrivelled as it leaves the womb.

Coming to specific cases, Mr. Boyd cites William Shakespeare. There is a great deal of rant and fustian in the mouths of Shakespeare's characters, much platitude and traditional bunk, a good deal of coarse humor and downright smut. Mr. Boyd seems to think that professors of literature resolutely shut their eyes to these things, or that they enjoy them uncritically, while they refuse to extend a like tolerance to their own contemporaries. One professor refers to "the sacred boldness" of Helena, in "All's Well," who opens the play with a conversation with Parolles about her virginity in a manner "which will remind the American reader of today of a studio party in Greenwich Village," while another professor, namely the late Stuart Pratt Sherman, excoriates Theodore Dreiser's Sister Carrie and Jennie Gerhardt, who are a long way more admirable than the predatory Helena. Perhaps Mr. Sherman would have admitted this, and remarked that Mr. Dreiser has not done justice to his heroines' virtues. At any rate, this adding of one professor on Shakespeare to another professor on Dreiser to make a case suggests a method of controversy in which there is more vivacity than logic. Mr. Boyd seems to forget that Shakespeare is a dramatist, in holding him responsible for the sentiments of his characters; but, after all, he is so generous in recognizing the supremacy of Shakespeare as a poet that it seems as if such praise were the real purpose of his essay, and the attack on academic critics a mere feint to cover his movement in force.

Mr. Boyd loves Shakespeare in spite of the professors. Milton he hates, perhaps because Milton was a professor. His fame, in Mr. Boyd's opinion, "rests upon the simple fact that, instead of joining the witch-hunters in Salem, he stayed at home and became the one great poet Puritanism has produced." Personally he was "a psychopathic Puritan ... undersized—with the pigmentation of an albino. He was cold, egocentric, and inhuman in his relations with his friends and relatives; paranoia is written all over his first divorce tract. . . . He had all the worst traits of the Puritan: an overweening confidence in his own conscience as the arbiter of all conduct; a complete inability to comprehend people and circumstances other than his own; a total lack of all sense of humor; and the most callous indifference to all that is charming and beautiful in life"—presumably including music.

If, with all this, Milton could be "a great poet," his case demands attention, and perhaps professors are not to be blamed for looking closely into it. The fact that Milton is a representative of Puritanism and a witness of the last splendors of the Renaissance which Puritanism was to eclipse, makes him a significant figure even to those who wish that he had been born an Elizabethan. Mr. Boyd sees no value in Milton's divorce pamphlets because they grew out of his personal sense of the injustice of state interference in his domestic affairs. He depreciates the "Areopagitica" because Milton did not extend his doctrine of freedom to Papists. He calls "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," in which Milton justified the revolution and the execution of Charles I, "an exposition of the complete gospel of Ku-Kluxism." Well, these are matters in which professors take an interest. The divorce pamphlets are an attempt to define personal liberty in domestic life; the "Areopagitica," which finds its prototype in a speech of Isocrates, not, as Mr. Boyd's proof-reader says, of Socrates, is a similar attempt in the field of intellectual liberty. The fact that Mirabeau thought enough of it to translate it shows that it was more than a party pamphlet. The odium of Ku-Kluxism "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates" shares with the Declaration of Independence. The theology of "Paradise Lost" seems to us childish; and the poem is full of reminiscences of contemporaries. The reasons why the Fall of Man was the most important theme for an epic in Milton's day, and was so accepted by him and countless others, are a matter of history. They explain Milton's failure rather than his success. Milton, like his own Lucifer, is an example of defeat on a grand scale. It seems to me important to look for the causes of his defeat rather than to curse his personal character. That in spite of failure, political, theological and epic, he remains a great poet, Mr. Boyd finds reason to admit, even though grudgingly.

In the case of Swift, Mr. Boyd is under the singular impression that the professors are trying to force him to dissemble his love, as in the case of Milton, his hate. Critics, as he points out, do not hesitate to avow admiration for Conrad and indifference to George Moore. "Why should not the same latitude be allowed to a reader who, it is assumed, has read Milton and Swift for the first time—and is discouraged by the superstitious intolerance of the former as he is attracted by the intellectual honesty of the latter?" Certainly such latitude is allowed, and as much more as Mr. Boyd can make use of, though when he condemns Milton for intolerance and superstition, he might take a look at Swift's attitude toward the Deists. I must confess that the idea that the professoriat is committed to depreciation of Swift is an entirely new one to me. Mr. Boyd, indeed, cites Churton Collins to this effect, but Collins was more interested in writing like Macaulay than in anything else, and could not resist the paradox of Swift's realistic mind and idealistic profession. It is true it is harder to push Swift's political writing in the class-room than Milton's, the "Conduct of the Allies"

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and the "Drapier's Letters" being more remote from modern interests than the "Areopagitica" or "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," but I can assure Mr. Boyd that I do not know a single scholar of the eighteenth century who does not rate Swift as the greatest man of letters of his time.

Mr. Boyd continues his cheerful way among the immortals. Byron he accepts as a romantic personality, but not as a poet, and finds his fame much enhanced by Mrs. Stowe's services as press agent. Poe, in similar fashion, owes much to the legend inspired by Griswold. To Whitman he ascribes the literary paternity of the modern school of free verse, which he detests. Henry James is, next to Milton, the chief object of Mr. Boyd's animadversion, and, as in the case of Milton, certain exceptions must be taken. James, doubtless, grew remote and self-centered with age; but to assert that "his aloofness from life . . . is not compensated by any evidence of intelligent participation in the literary life of his time" is an amazing lapse on Mr. Boyd's part. James was in his prime the most cosmopolitan of American critics, and his essays in "French Poets and Novelists" and in "Partial Portraits" were the introduction of many foreign writers to his countrymen. How, I wonder, does Mr. Boyd reconcile his verdict: "Anything vital, humorous, strong was shunned by James," with the latter's admiration for Balzac, Zola and Turgeniev? It would be too severe a punishment to condemn Mr. Boyd to a reading of James' letters; but a glance at the index would have contradicted at least once his statement: "He does not appear to have heard of such nonentities as Bernard Shaw, Anatole France, J. M. Synge or Remy de Gourmont."

But I am behaving as Mr. Boyd thinks all professors do, and marking him on facts instead of on theory. Let me close by expressing again my agreement with his main thesis, the connection between superstition toward the past and timidity toward the present. Milton himself would have subscribed with enthusiasm equal to Mr. Boyd's and my own to the statement, "The person who genuflects mechanically or in terror of the pedagogical inquisition, at the name of Milton or Shakespeare, will hardly assert his rights as a free thinker when confronted by a contemporary reputation."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Tim Healy

The Life of Tim Healy, by Liam O'Flaherty. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 318 pages. $3.75.

TIMOTHY Michael Healy, Governor General of the Irish Free State, whose life Liam O'Flaherty has just written—his first essay in biography after six volumes of fiction—is a man who has probably seen more of the high lights of British and Irish politics these last fifty years than any other man now living. Even T. P. O'Connor, whom a sentimental Commons has dubbed the Father of the House, has seen less: yet it is not what Healy has seen that makes him interesting; it is whatever quality in the man made of him one of the most dangerous members of the opposition, a cunning and able politician, from being, on his first entry into the English Parliament, such a crude bit of peasantry that the facetious said that his coming was a quip of Mr. Parnell's to prove that Ireland could be even more grotesque than Joe Biggar, whom Disraeli had compared to a leprechaun and a Caliban. On the floor of the House,

> with a hand thrust in either trouser pocket, with drooping neck and scowling face he was wont to proclaim that hatred of the Irish peasant for the English Parliament. . . . He once informed a listening Senate that he did not care two rows of pins whether he was in prison or the House of Commons. . . . He scolded at large . . . an ill-dressed man with sullen manner who audibly gnashed his teeth at the mace.

For of all the rich characters whom that half-century of politics produced, surely a motley stage—it was the period of Disraeli, Gladstone, Asquith, Henry Labouchere, Joe Chamberlain, the Irish Land War, the Boer War, the Great War—Healy was one of the most colorful, vivid, emotional, sensitive, scabrous, witty, cunning, able, unscrupulous, foul-tongued, bigoted, and yet, one may believe, as sincere in these tempestuous brain-storms of his as any Celt who is a Roman Catholic and a politician rolled into one can ever hope to be. If Liam O'Flaherty were writing a novel with Tim Healy as hero, it would have been the interesting thing to him to define these qualities that made his character so mightily interesting as a character: more than that, he would have attempted to discover the secret motivation that gave the key to the inconsistencies of his character: but in this book Healy is left as unelucidated as ever. What was it in him that kept him forever in a subordinate place, that made him so fittingly a second-lieutenant to Parnell, and never anything more? He had ten times Parnell's erudition, brain-power, and ability, for Parnell was as ignorant a man as ever sat in Parliament. Yet he led his people as no man ever before him or since. Strange thing, personality!

If O'Flaherty makes any attempt to define Healy's dæmon, it is to be found in his constant gibes at his pietistic clericalism, but I am more inclined to think that Healy was the victim of his origins. He was in the worst peasant tradition: he could not act like a gentleman, because his forefathers, for three hundred years, had had all they could do to as much as live like human beings: he could not lead men, because he was in a tradition of having been led ever since the collapse of the Irish State in the seventeenth century: he was reared among prejudices, broken memories, hates, inhibitions, and bigotries. What he could do was to use his cunning, and to fight like a very devil incarnate, and as far as these two qualities led him, he has gone. Healy is a medieval, like most Irish peasants, and in his character are all the contradictions of the medieval mind: had he lived in the thirteenth century, he might have carved gargoyles and made a great job of it, but he would as soon have eaten his mason's hat as become a master-builder or filled any but a secondary post. He lacked what the Middle Ages often lacked, a sense of what was fittingly beautiful. He had an executive mind. He filled executive posts all his life, and holds one now.

Like every Irishman of the eighties, Healy suffers by comparison with Parnell, and yet he cannot be detached from Parnell; and so Liam O'Flaherty has had to make his biography as much the biography of Parnell as the life of Tim Healy. It is not that Parnell "made" Tim Healy, though he claimed to have done so, and most people believe it—"he bit the hand that fed him," they said when Healy turned on his leader, following him through the length and breadth of Ireland as if to hound him to his grave. But Parnell was the royal wave that floated Healy's ship. Parnell was the force that brought out the best and worst in Healy, and that worst was, at times, something incredible. Healy had vitriol in his spittle, and he spat poison at everyone he differed with. His nephew, Kevin

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O'Higgins, but recently murdered, had the same sharp tongue, and it probably cost him his life; he had the same quick lawyer's brain, too, the same courage to fight to the bitter end, the same disability that kept him from being a leader of men. But Healy was never equalled: one of his contemporaries called his mouth an "open sewer" and his behavior to Parnell's mistress, Kitty O'Shea, is still remembered in Ireland: in public he called her "an abandoned woman"—he was horsewhipped for that in public by a relative of her lover—at another time "a convicted British prostitute": while Parnell was fighting his last fight Healy followed him through every county in Ireland, telling him in jeering hatred to fashion a new flag for Ireland out of the petticoat of Mrs. O'Shea! How the man escaped with his life nobody knows. Yet he had loved Parnell once and had served him almost as his God: now, surrounded by his black bodyguard of indiscreet clerics, he was driving him to his grave. Strange thing, personality!

O'Flaherty brings his book up to the present day when Tim Healy is sitting in the Vice-Regal Lodge in Dublin, to the envy of his fellow peasants, earning the easiest fifty thousand a year he ever earned: so in derision they call the Lodge "Uncle Tim's Cabin." O'Flaherty thinks he earns the money—to be in power and to have to keep quiet, to be a thing and not to rule—it must be hard on Healy. The one significant thing about the man is that he is still "Tim" to everybody: only in the Dáil in formal debate do men speak of the Governor General. He is still the Bantry peasant of seventy years ago, and the people like him to be so, peasants themselves.

This biography is a wholly personal production, and many will refuse to take seriously the undistilled opinion with which it teems. It betrays a sad ignorance of any Ireland but that of post-1800: it has annoying repetitions —for example, the description of Healy in the Commons is repeated in slightly different ways three times. But readers of Liam O'Flaherty's novels will expect a personal treatment, and many will find it vastly engaging to be introduced to so unique a personality as Tim Healy's by so individual a personality as the author of "Mr. Gilhooley," and "The Informer."

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

Opium

Opium, by John Palmer Gavit. New York: Brentano's. 308 pages. $3.50.

THE so-called opium problem of today is not what it was during the last century, or even two decades ago, when philanthropists and some of the missionaries used to think about saving the people of the Orient from the curse of opium, which was a source of tremendous profit for governments as well as traders. Morphine, heroin and other derivatives of opium, and cocaine, codine and other habit-forming drugs, manufactured mostly in the laboratories and chemical factories of the West, are far more dangerous than "raw opium" or "prepared opium," used for smoking purposes. Fast spread of the consumption of these deadly drugs, among the people of all countries of the East and West, forms a serious international menace. According to the estimate of the League of Nations Opium Advisory Committee, about 400 tons of opium are sufficient to meet the annual medicinal need of the whole world. The lowest estimate of the world production of opium is more than 4,000 tons; and some experts estimate it to be 8,000 tons per year. Thus it is beyond dispute that the surplus is being produced for revenue, profit and illicit trade.

To impart information, "to pull together the main threads of the narcotic problem as a whole for the benefit of the ordinary reader" has been the primary purpose of Mr. Gavit's volume, entitled "Opium." However, the book covers (a) the fundamentals and basic factors of the opium problem—the history and the sordid motive for profit at the expense of human lives; (b) the opium problem in India and China—the largest opium-producing countries of the world—Persia and Turkey; (c) an excellent summary of the Geneva Opium Conferences, which are logical developments of the International Opium Conference of 1909, held at Shanghai, and the Hague Opium Conference of 1912-1913; (d) valuable appendices containing the texts of the Hague Opium Convention of 1912-1913, the first Opium Convention of 1925 and Second Opium Convention of 1925, held under the auspices of the League of Nations; and (e) an index. The book is not a compendium of dry statistics, but contains indispensable and accurate information on the subject, and the author's frank, bold and unbiased criticisms and suggestions, which may not be agreeable to many. To unprejudiced inquirers who wish information on various phases of the intricate problem of the narcotic menace, it may well serve as a reference book.

Mr. Gavit thinks that America's withdrawal from the League of Nations Opium Conference is a genuine calamity to the cause of international coöperation for the suppression of the narcotic menace. He further thinks that American withdrawal was largely due to the tactless and outspoken attitude of Hon. Stephen G. Porter and Bishop Brent (members of the American delegation to the Geneva Opium Conference), against the policy of Great Britain and the British government of India represented by Sir John Campbell. However, after careful examination of the facts, it becomes conclusive that the American delegation had no other alternative but to withdraw from the Conference, unless they sacrificed the very core of their program of restriction of the production of opium and other habit-forming drugs to medicinal and scientific purposes only. The Geneva Opium Conferences have not accomplished anything substantial. As Mr. Gavit says: "The net gain, whatever its theoretical value, as yet is and probably for a long time will continue to be only on paper. . . . Nothing has been set in motion. Something very important has been lost." The following extract from the statement of Sir John Campbell, made during the ninth session of the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations, throws some light on the situation:

> There are at most fifty—perhaps not more than forty—drug factories in the whole world. By the Hague Convention the individual governments assumed definite obligation to limit the manufacture, sale and use of these narcotic drugs to legitimate purposes, and to coöperate in the fulfillment of these obligations. The governments have not done this. The solemn international obligations have not been fulfilled.

Above all, it should be remembered that the opium problem is an international menace, and not any individual nation's domestic concern. "On no theory can drug addiction, in any of its forms, be regarded as a domestic concern. . . . *It is more than probable that even in the primitive fashion of addiction of the Far East, opium plays a sinister part in making these regions—India for special example—hot-beds of infectious diseases which at times spread out all over the world.*"

The remedy for the narcotic menace lies in restricting the production of raw materials (opium, cocoa leaves, hashish, etc.), as well as the manufactured drugs, and per-

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haps government monopoly of production, storage, distribution, in every phase of the traffic, from the beginning to the delivery of the finished drug to the patients, under strict medical control and particularly in the elimination of the element of private profit, so far as possible. Mr. Gavit thinks that to create, clarify and focus international public opinion on the question of the menace of habit-forming drugs, it is necessary that a private international organization, outside and independent of the official machinery of the League of Nations, be perfected. "Such an organization would bring together in common purpose and endeavor and with a view of economy of expenditure in money and effort, the existing organizations such as the International Anti-Opium Association, the Chinese National Anti-Opium Association, the White Cross Association of America, the English Society for the Suppression of the Traffic in Opium, etc., and should encourage the organization of similar societies in other countries." The time is ripe for the American people to take the leadership in bringing about the suggested type of international organization (possibly with its international headquarters at Washington, D. C.), for an effective international action toward the suppression of the menace of habit-forming drugs. Will they do it? TARAKNATH DAS.

The Lonely-Hearted Egoist

Ballads for Sale, by Amy Lowell. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 311 pages. $2.25.

THE third posthumous volume of Amy Lowell's verse offers much the same fare as that tendered in her early books: a generous slice of melodrama served on a silver-gilt plate, with a pattern of delicate imagery, and a number of small, richly colored glasses, each filled with a liqueur that has a definite flavor but that does not sting the palate or warm the gullet. There are the same worldly prelates walking in gaudy gardens, the same dismal, fusty, ancient men and exquisite impersonal ladies, the same lacquered landscapes, the same emotional alarums and excursions.

They leave the reader curiously cold. But there is a note struck, as it were, far off, a word written between the too obviously fabricated lines, that touches and stirs one. It is as though the poet, feverishly working against time, had wrought these many things, and then, exhausted by her effort, terrified by the striking clocks, had put her hand to her heart and drawn a painful breath. The objects of her labor are not particularly important, but that gesture, that sigh, claim attention and pity. The tarnish on her old arrogance draws the eye more than all her glitter ever did. Her unfamiliar preoccupation with the shriveling flowers, the wintry light, makes one turn these pages tenderly.

It is not simply that her frequent allusions to time and death remind one that the poet is dead, and cannot again be driven to ten pages of rhymed curses and incantations by "a long adverse review," nor exalted by the flatteries that were her more usual diet. The point is that these verses reveal a power of self-criticism absent from her other books, and show her to be aware of the fact that, for all her loud defense of bold youth, she was herself somewhat confused and distressed by the uncivil noises of a hungry generation, and glad to withdraw to the serenity of her library, which enshrined the past too carefully to be hospitable to the future. Not the best piece in the book, but one of the most honest, is that called "Still Life," in which she compares herself to the moon:

> For I, too, am a bright, cold corpse
> Perpetually circling above a living world.

The same harsh self-knowledge inspired "New Heavens for Old," in which she describes the young men who "roar down the street like flame," while she arranges three roses in a Chinese vase, fusses over their arrangement, and then sits in a south window to sip "pale wine with a touch of hemlock in it," and think of the field-mice crossing and recrossing the spot that will be her grave.

Amy Lowell was too much a scholar and an artificer to be a great artist. She did not come to close enough grips with life to write great poetry. She must have felt this mortal deficiency more keenly as the years went by, and it is where she acknowledges it frankly that she comes nearest to writing fine lyrics. BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Simplification

Money Writes, by Upton Sinclair. New York: A. and C. Boni. 227 pages. $2.

AND now comes Mr. Sinclair's summary judgment of American letters during the past thirty years. "Money Writes" does for American literature what "The Brass Check" did to American journalism, with the same formulas. "The System," i. e., Mr. Morgan and "Wall Street," are held responsible for all the uninspired product of American imagination, for the Saturday Evening Post and the Cosmopolitan schools of writers, for the lubricities of Mr. Cabell and Mr. Hergesheimer, for Amy Lowell's lack of poetic interest in the Great War as well as Mr. Mencken's excessive interest in the Eighteenth Amendment, etc., etc.—just as they are responsible for the American attitude towards Russia, the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, etc., etc. All, all are due to the "capitalist system," personified by Mr. Morgan, Wall Street, and the New York Times. The few rebellious righteous, not enough to save one hundred and ten millions of people, consist of Norris, Jack London, Phillips, Dreiser—and, Mr. Sinclair modestly permits the reader to infer, the author of "The Jungle" and "Oil!"

Thus baldly summarized, Mr. Sinclair's simplifications appear worse than absurd: they are out of date. They belong to that naïve era of Rooseveltian progressivism when the muckraker was taken seriously. And yet, in spite of his impossible socialist dogma which distorts everything he looks at, his literary discernments are fundamentally just. Mr. Sinclair is the only American writer of our time who has a religion, and any religion sincerely and passionately held, however irrational it may be, purifies the heart and deepens the understanding. His judgments of his contemporaries are largely deserved, and his condemnation of the futility, the aridity of American literature of his time is justified. Mr. Morgan and Wall Street may not be as personally responsible for the condition of spiritual dry rot as Mr. Sinclair fervently believes, but whatever the cause, the dry rot exists. He perceives it, has the courage bluntly to describe it and publish his findings, often at his own expense. A civilization so engrossed in mechanisms and instrumentalities that the appearance of a new Ford model becomes overnight an historical event, in which the bootlegger is the figure of popular romance, and a Greenwich Village replaces Grub Street, does not produce significant literature. Why? The answer requires a more subtle mind than Mr. Sinclair's to divine.

ROBERT HERRICK.

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American Précieuses

The Woodcutter's House, by Robert Nathan. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

Vaudeville, by Aben Kandel. New York: Henry Waterson. $2.

HERE are two books which may find themselves slightly surprised at being included in one review. But the surprise will wear off. They have much in common besides their little length and their decorative manufacture. The end in both cases is the same—a realistic treatment of certain strange, exotic aspects of ordinary life: and the faults of both, such as they are, tend to rise from similar causes—an eye to genre rather than the poem, a recurrent bow toward a preconception of method.

Mr. Nathan's book is a continuation in fable of "The Fiddler in Barly," and in method of some three or four previous books, one of which, "Autumn," is as delightful as anything an American has written. In this, as in the previous works, there is tenderness and a sort of sweet and melancholy joy. Here again, animals and inanimate objects speak like men, in simple, literate sentences, a simple and sad philosophy. The world is reduced to the scope of a single rural county, and little things take on the importance of a new relation to the whole of being.

But, for the first time, Mr. Nathan's fancy runs a little thin. His dogs and beetles speak in a slightly strained manner, as if they had lost the trick in their own souls and were copying the methods and manners of the puppets and dolls that preceded them. Nevertheless, they retain considerable charm. That is inherent in the poet who created them, and nothing he could do would entirely obliterate it.

"Vaudeville" is Mr. Kandel's first novel. It is the story of a man who has lost his love for his wife; of the wife, who still loves him; and of the wife's mother, who resents a relationship on the part of her daughter which kills the glory of maternal domination. The book's length—165 widely spaced pages—sometimes enforces an economy so great that it reveals surface rather than essence. For example: "The look of a great, hidden beast in his eyes," or "Spirals of laughter like gay, paper ribbons cast by hysterical revelers." But also, and maybe for the same reason, there are clear bright bits such as: "She had an unused face. It was a first-hand face. It was not marred by lip stains."

The method of dividing the book into nine incidents, each named like an act in a variety show, is ingenious and mechanically clever in rounding out a short, staccato novel. But it makes for neatness rather than poetic restlessness. Mr. Kandel's book is never profound or unique. It is always skillful, craftsmanlike, well written and nicely finished.

MELVIN P. LEVY.

Oriental Encounters, by Marmaduke Pickthall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 277 pages. $3.50.

THIS "comic sketch-book of experience"—the description is furnished by the author—was written by one who, at the age of eighteen, jogged along the roads of Syria and Palestine in company with a shrewd and philosophic dragoman and an engaging rogue, Rashîd the Fair, whose purpose in life was to exalt his master's honor. In the face of English disapproval, the youthful Mr. Pickthall spent two rich years, 1894 to 1896, in mingling with the natives on their own terms, drinking at their coffee houses, listening to their tales, savoring the serenity of their life, and learning their notions of honor and justice. From the kindly distance of twenty years, he has set down some of his more humorous adventures with thieves and crafty villagers—heightening and enhancing, no doubt, the original facts, but keeping always to the viewpoint of one who really knew these childish Orientals as a sympathetic insider. It is not only the sly, delicious humor of the sketches which gives the book value, but the fact that Mr. Pickthall has succeeded in conveying the virtues of a civilization so different from our own. Better than any ponderous tome, it gives one an understanding of Near Eastern psychology. The pity and grandeur of "Revolt in the Desert" or "Arabia Deserta" are lacking, but, in its own slight way, "Oriental Encounters" is an achievement, entertaining, and delightfully written.

E. H. W.

The Foreshore of England, by H. M. Tomlinson. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.

THE publisher's blurb would have one believe that this is an account of a voyage around the shores of Great Britain, but in reality Mr. Tomlinson's book does not fall into so simple a classification. There are, to be sure, some terse, brilliant discriptions of the ports from which the merchant ships which carry the red ensign steam forth, yet these are subsidiary to the main theme. "The Foreshore of England" offers some rather disturbing observations relative to the economic conditions which underlie the present state of English shipping. Mr. Tomlinson sees nothing particularly admirable in a system of efficiency which has obliterated the personal pride that seamen once had in their work and their ships. He feels that there is something rotten at the roots of the system when one can see hundreds of under-nourished children in the great seaport towns. In fact, he believes that our whole civilization is founded on a faulty premise, and this book is really an expression of his philosophic doubts. "The Foreshore of England" contains some extremely provocative ideas, but unfortunately it is not quite the equal of Mr. Tomlinson's other writings in lucidity and beauty of style.

E. H. W.

Contributors

JOHN DEWEY, philosopher and educator, is the author of "Human Nature and Conduct," "Democracy and Education," and other books. Mr. Frankfurter's article, to which Dr. Dewey refers, has been published as a pamphlet (price 75c) by the Dunster House Bookshop, Cambridge, Mass.

ROBERT PENN WARREN was formerly one of the editors of The Fugitive.

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SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN has written on literature and current affairs for various periodicals.

TARAKNATH DAS, Ph. D., a journalist and an expert on the opium question, is the author of "India in World Politics," and other works.

BABETTE DEUTSCH, poet and critic, has recently published a novel, "In Such a Night."

ROBERT HERRICK is the author of "Together," "Waste," and "Chimes."

MELVIN P. LEVY is the author of two novels, "Matrix" and "Wedding."

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